TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The politicians who are beginning to size up Greenway's proposed abolition of Separate Schools and the French language in Manitoba are accusing him of being a second Mercier; that he is playing the Protestant game in his province as he of Jesuit Bill fame played it in Quebec. Even so, is it not the natural outcome of a policy such as Mercier pursued that the politicians of the provinces where Protestants are in the ascendancy should endeavor to succeed on Mercier's line though in an opposite direction. Nor must it be deemed singular that those of us who believe that Greenway is right should second his programme even though we may feel that with him it is policy rather than principle. This, at least, can be said in its defence, that Greenway's proposal is in the direction of making the education and government of this country British and national rather than French and sectional.

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It is an amusing feature of this odd outcome of an evil motion that should Greenway be successful in the provincial elections, Sir John may be called upon by the French to veto what is essentially a Protestant bill in Manitoba, after having popularized himself with the *habitant* by refusing to disallow the Ultramontane and Jesuit bill in Quebec. That Sir John will dare to outrage Orange Protestant and anti-clerical feeling by disallowing the Manitoba act such as Greenway proposes to pass, is improbable. The Premier will logically have a good defence when he tells the French-Canadians that they have made for themselves a bed of provincial, racial and religious husks, and that they must lie therein. But we all know that logic will fail to appease Jean Baptiste when aroused by an appeal to both his national and religious prejudice. Therefore we can understand that Sir John's position will be an exceedingly difficult one, nor will it be one that will excite the sympathy of those who esteem good citizenship and national spirit more highly that the petty advantages of sectarian demagoguery or even the high-sounding plea of statesmanship which has no better foundation than the astute trafficing in ignorant antagonisms. I would not be willing to guarantee that Greenway's programme is above selfish and place hunting motives, but because it is unmistakably in the direction which we as a nation must pursue, I believe that all English-speaking Canadians, irrespective of party, will unite in supporting him, even though Conservatives who are still loyal to their chieftain will see in the Manitoba Premier's proposition another insidious attempt to embarrass Sir John. Nor can it be denied that it will be a most serious embarrassment to their chieftain, for while he enraged the Orangemen by refusing to disallow the Jesuits' Estates Bill he must enrage the French-Canadians by refusing to disallow the Manitoba Dual Language and Separate Schools Bill, or by disallowing the latter must forever alienate all Orange and Protestant support in all the provinces. That in allowing the former and disallowing the latter he may be within the constitution in both instances will not be material, for on the hustings the fact that he had regarded provincial rights in one instance and not in the other would be conclusive to the average mind that his sympathies were entirely pro-Catholic and anti-Protestant. It will be truly a difficult position and one which will require, I imagine, more astuteness than Sir John possesses either to evade or excuse. His one course is to try and defeat Greenway, and in this he will have difficulty and must alienate many of his friends.

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I noticed in an evening paper the other night the review of a couple of books which were therein styled "bad." I am of the opinion that there is no better way to circulate prurient literature than the method adopted ostensibly to condemn them. Many people reading of these works have their curiosity excited, and as a general rule, forthwith purchase the works which have been black-listed. Now it is worth while to inquire who are the purchasers of books who are likely to be led astray by innocently buying novels which are of the erotic and realistic order. The majority of those who are limited in their means go to the public library for their works of fiction. Those who are the best customers at the news stands, and inquire for the newest book and are apt to purchase it without inquiries as to its character are exactly those who, in pursuit of novelty, would search for a novel which had been characterized by the reviewers as naughty. Therefore to publish the fact that a book is in this sense bad, is but to whet the appetite of those who are on the hunt for new things and new excitements. Such criticisms as have appeared in the city papers have, when in the same strain published in New York, been the assigned reasons for the immense sale of the theosophic and so called passion literature which has recently been so profitable to the American publishers. Those who wish to restrain the growing tendency to read this class of book, can best do it by saying nothing either in praise or condemnation. Then the work will depend upon the advocacy of the newsdealer who will not offer his wares to those who would reproach him for his advocacy. If they have a large sale caused by a from-mouth-to-ear suggestion that they are prurient, we must understand that the buyer is after exactly what he asks for and we can appreciate the fact that no amount of journalistic advice will deter him from making the purchase but will rather tend to make him eager.

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If this be the case when works are absolutely unfit for the general perusal, critiques which include books which are not necessarily to be classed with the prurient are apt to do still greater harm as after the purchaser procures the books he sees everything through the spectacles of nastiness and misconstrues what is intended to be simply realism not unfit for perusal by adult minds. Such I think to be The Pace That Kills by Edgar Saltus. It is not a fit book for youth, nor is it an attractive book for adults who are not students of human nature; if what is found in its pages is viewed through conventional spectacles it is bad, nasty; indeed, it seems like the life of one who has been written up in the newspapers; it is outspoken, perhaps too much so; it is not elevating, but it contains nothing now unknown to the adult nor does it picture vice as a pleasurable pursuit nor as a road likely to lead to prosperity or the achievement of happiness. It is a book that the youth would not buy had not it been advertised by inconsiderate newspapers as improper. I confess that The Truth about Tristram Varick, A Transaction in Hearts, etc., were passed over by me in the book stalls a dozen times as unattractive until some rampageous newspapers advertised them as belonging to the passion school which in a sort of a professional way I wished to study. I conceive it to be the fact that The Pace That Kills would not have had one reader, where it will now have ten, if it had not received a wide publicity, to which what I may say can not add, as one of the books to be avoided.

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In discussing the advisability of reading or avoiding such books, we must consider the question whether it is better for the people who are in the way of such literature to know the facts, and to understand the motives which control that portion of humanity which is not guided by honor, conscience or religious precept. If there be an advantage in remaining ignorant, then such books should be avoided; if he or she, by being forewarned, becomes forearmed, it is best that he or she should know that base, conscienceless, and even murderous impulses are often concealed by suave manners and fascinating smiles. I may make a mistake in imagining that the readers of books of this sort are competent to judge for themselves, and that immaturity, without newspaper advice, would neither ask for nor appreciate such literature, and it may be my further error to conceive that there is no safety but rather an allurement in concealing that which has an existence either latent or developed in each mind. Edgar Saltus says that man is naturally polygamous. This statement is doubtless offensive in a community which demands that every man must be monogamous, but the fact remains. Discover a man in his natural state and you find him surrounded by wives. That we have been enabled by Christianity, philosophy and culture to irradicate this tendency would be pleasant to believe, but experience and the history of marital litigation in and out of the divorce courts suggests that this matrimonial millennium has not arrived. That man has learned to treat woman as his equal, that woman has become and is becoming every day more a man's companion, that upon her next to religion depends the purity of mankind, is year by year becoming accepted as a corollary of the adage that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the earth. That men are endeavoring to make more people happy than was their wont, that it has become an offence against humanity to make a woman miserable in order to satisfy lust, that it is a crime to take advantage of youth, are amongst those modern axioms which tend towards a better civilization. That, as higher ambitions fill the brain and uplift the mind of man, the baser passions cease to control, are hopeful signs that better days are coming; that purer impulses and higher ideals are a tide which, with the prevalence of knowledge and the unfettered opportunities of free people, will ennoble the masses instead of the few, and that virtue, which was once but the leaven, will ere long become imperative, may be hoped for, but these things are not yet. It is true that men seek for excuses, and that the debased accept instances in fiction as examples which they argue it will not be shameful to follow, may be true, but he or she who is in search of an excuse for profligacy will as readily distort that which they observe as that which they read. It seems to me that in this age when newspapers penetrate every home, when it has become impossible to exercise the censorship which was once easy, safety lies along the line of preparing the minds of those for whom we feel responsible by a knowledge conveyed as instruction and then they will not be the victims of that which they find in sensationalism. Nothing can excuse the purveyor of prurience, but after all his trade would be small were it not for those over-virtuous heralds who give him advertisement.

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Toronto welcomed the American Association of Scientists as well as it knew how. The grants both from the Dominion and the city were insufficient, not because this country is particularly stingy in entertaining its visitors, but, I imagine, on account of the word "scientist" seeming to indicate to the ordinary legislator a dried up and bloodless being who does not take pleasure in eating and drinking and sightseeing as other people do. One thinks of a scientist as a man who does not know what he eats and doesn't care what he drinks, and is utterly indifferent as to what he wears as long as he makes some discovery in animalculæ or Silurian substrata or bugology or something of that sort. As a matter of fact these gentlemen are flesh and blood as we are. And when we welcomed them here amongst us, we discovered that to be scientific, a man does not need to obliterate the humanity that is in him, nor has it been found incumbent upon him to forego the pleasures which entice others. Few such opportunities occur to advertise Toronto to the American people as the one which has just passed. That we have not utilized it as we might, is apparent to those who must recognize that many of the gentlemen who came here would have gone away with a much better impression if the entertainment had been more liberal and had more of our people devoted themselves to the task of making the stay of the scientists pleasant. During municipal elections funds for this sort of thing are spoken of as guzzling appropriations, etc., and yet, I doubt if any money spent by the city brings as large a return as the amounts expended in attracting to the city and the proper entertainment of a number of representative people from other lands. After all we didn't do so badly and it is over now. We bid the gentlemen of the association adieu and hope they may think as well of Toronto as Toronto thinks of them.

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I spent a Sunday evening not long ago with a friend and sat with him on the piazza near the street. It was a prominent street and streams of men and women rolled by, affording excellent opportunity for observation. We selected as the subject to be examined, woman-kind and their walk. Until I had made a special study of it for a couple of hours I had no idea there was so much difference in the gait of our female friends. Some of them leaned forward as if they were likely to fall down on their face, and only saved themselves from that catastrophe by putting out their feet with a terrible "plunk" as they kept themselves from toppling over. Their feet flopped along the stones, as with each step they averted the catastrophe of a somersault by extending their extremities before they lost their balance. They could not have invented a more ungraceful or detestable gait than this. To see a victim of partial paralysis stumbling along the street in this way excites pity, but to see a well-grown and thoroughly-developed woman adopting the same gait makes one anxious to get hold of a good big hamestrap and go out and hit at them a few times to make them brace up. And then there is the uncertain wobbling gait that some of these careless dames strike! They seem to be in need of manly support of some sort. They trudge along as if one leg were longer than the other and they didn't know exactly which one it was had the advantage. Then there is the ramrod woman who sails along evidently prepared to be crucified before she will bend her spine the least particle. Her eyes have a fixed and glassy stare; her neck is upheld by a high collar; her spine has become jointless and there is apparently no movement anywhere north of the knees. We saw and remarked a few examples of the awfully fat woman who rolls along like a ship in distress or a barrel tumbling down a gang plank. If they are too fat to walk straight they should be the objects of sympathy but, behold you, along comes an exceedingly stout woman who walks with dignity and a manner which would be noticeable in the most refined society. The one thing remarkable was that no matter how badly women walked, they were ideally graceful as compared with the men.

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Unless there is something the matter with one's head or extremities almost any gait can be acquired in childhood. After people grow old and tall and heavy-headed or inclined to dizziness or uncertainty (or many brains have that effect on the walk of their owners), a graceful and attractive carriage can not be acquired. I wonder how it is that parents permit their little boys and girls to walk beside them turning in their toes and wobbling like ducks out of water. It is pure carelessness, and the habits acquired in childhood can never be thoroughly thrown off. The rule for graceful and erect walking among children, women and men is to hold the chin in close to the neck. If one adopts that attitude he must throw his shoulders back, for the chin cannot be held close to the neck without doing it, and with the shoulders back it is impossible to walk any other way than erect. Not so many years ago the recruit in the British army had a strap buckled around his neck and his chin, holding the latter close up to his windpipe, and with this on he had to march until he had acquired the habit of walking with his chin in. Parents who desire to prevent their children acquiring outlandish, ungraceful and positively abhorrent styles of walking need to notice but two things—keep the child's chin in and toes out. In fact, if you keep his chin in he can't walk any other way than upright, and turning his toes in would be an inconvenience to him. It needs no other rule. Now watch it. It is important that the rising generation of Canadians should know how to walk upright before the gaze of man as well as in the sight of God. If you cannot do it any other way, get a little strap made and put it around your child's chin and neck, and buckle it up fairly tight and take it for a walk in the country a couple of times in the week, and you will see its chest bulge out and shoulders thrown back in a way that will surprise you.

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Rumors of a gerrymandering of the constituencies have been giving the newspapers an opportunity to discuss the wickedness which permits governments to make a division of the seats to their best advantage. It is apparent to everyone that no municipality is suffering from an unjust arrangement to the same extent that Toronto is. The rural constituencies are given a member of parliament for each eighteen or twenty thousand of population. On this basis Toronto would have, at least, nine while we have but three in either House. Hamilton in the Local has one for about forty-five thousand, which, at the same rate, would give us four. Kingston for less than twenty thousand has one which would give us nine. London, with about twenty-five thousand, has one, which would give us seven. Hamilton in the Dominion House has two members, which would give us eight. Toronto is suffering because it has less attention paid to its affairs in the Dominion Parliament than have cities of less than a quarter its size. It should, at least, have five representatives in both Houses, while now it has but three. Nor is the quantity of the representatives the only complaint which can be made. The quality, for which the city itself is to blame, is not above par. The great commercial interests centered here seem to have no mouthpiece in the Dominion House. In the Legislature, truly enough, we have a couple of good men and experience but little difficulty in having a city bill amended at each session, but we are unable to obtain a charter. If our representatives were more numerous, more intensely enthusiastic, ready to devote themselves to the city's good even at the government's expense, we might be able to keep pace with Montreal, where local spirit makes it impossible for a member to resist the proper importunities of his constituents and the necessities of a commercial community. Toronto has hitherto been satisfied with too little. It has grown great, and the demand that we should be properly represented numerically in the Dominion and Provincial Legislatures—and by this I mean no reflection on those who now speak for us except that they do it in too timid a way—should be emphasized by every elector who has an opportunity to make it apparent that this is a great big city and wants to have its say. Fully half of the time of the New York State Legislature at Albany is taken up in discussing New York city questions, and the men elected in that city must shape their politics for the advancement of the city which has sent them to represent it. We need to adopt this attitude. The cry that so many Toronto men represent outside constituencies is empty. Toronto men who are representatives of ridings are as dumb as oysters when our affairs are being discussed. They feel that it would jeopardize their chances to be too prominent in city affairs. We might better trust our interests to men who live on the side lines than have them in the hands of residents of this place who have to pander to local prejudices and to retard the growth of Toronto in order to please those who demand this unfair conduct. We would be better off had we no such representatives.

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The report of the Ontario French School Commissioners has been presented. The *Mail*, *Empire*, *News* and *Telegram* all insinuated at the time the Commission was appointed that it would have no other use than the whitewashing of George W. Ross, Minister of Education. I ventured to express the opinion that the Commissioners would tell the truth as nearly as they knew how. I think my prediction has been verified. The Commission, in a lengthy and exhaustive report, have set forth the weaknesses of our system as it is at present managed; have made important recommendations, and have most distinctly proven that the agitation was both timely and absolutely necessary. It has been pointed out—and this is a particularly strong point—that no school which was originally French has ever become English, while several schools which were originally English have become French. This proves that the French language and prejudice is making conquests in this province, and it is a point which the English-speaking and English-feeling Canadian

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should view as most alarming. The religious exercises in the schools indicate that the French have utilized Ontario's school system as the propaganda of their Roman Catholic institutions. The idea of altars and crucifixes in schools supported by Protestant and Catholic alike, is utterly repugnant to every one who desires justice and believes that the more clericalism we have in our education and politics the more discordant the community will become. We have no space to publish the report, which has already appeared in the public press, but I congratulate Mr. Tilley and his associates on having dared to declare the truth, and it is apparent to all that the truth cannot be comforting to the Minister of Education. There may have been concealments made by the Commissioners or their liking for Mr. Ross may have caused them unconsciously to color the facts, but such things are not apparent in the report nor are the Commissioners men I would suspect of such conduct.

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If I may be permitted to indulge for a moment in prophecy, I predict that George W. Ross will adopt the recommendations in the report and will handle the trouble with a strong hand. The French-Canadians of Ontario cannot run to Mr. Meredith for comfort so they will have to quietly take the medicine the Grit gods give them. This being the case any conciliatory weakness or fumbling on the part of the Minister of Education would not only be unpatriotic, but unnecessary and undiplomatic. No one ever had a better chance to right a wrong than this, and I imagine that for material, if not sentimental reasons, Mr. Ross will throw himself into the breach quite heroically. DON.

Social and Personal.

There have been many strangers within our gates this week and their presence has in a slight degree tended to ruffle the hitherto placid waters of social life. The High Court of the Ancient Order of Foresters has been holding its annual sessions in the city and the disciples of bold Robin Hood have been here from many cities and towns in the United States and Canada. The strangers were officially welcomed to the city by his Worship the Mayor and the Reception Committee of the Council and entertained socially by their city brethren. The parade of this body on Monday was a very creditable one and contained some new and amusing features. The Lincoln green was omnipresent and even the irrepressible Friar Tuck, waving his quarter staff in defiance, was represented. The carriages in which the ladies rode contained many charming and handsome faces—many of them worthy, I trow, to vie with fair Maid Marian, the sylvan goddess of Sherwood Forest.

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On Thursday evening the Union and Demonstration Committee of the York district gave a grand banquet to the High Court officers and delegates of the sixth S. H. C. meeting at the Albion Hotel. An enjoyable evening was spent.

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Of more importance than these, perhaps, is the annual meeting in this city of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Hundreds of wise men (and some wise women) have flocked in upon us not from the east alone, but from every point of the compass. Some of these men have brought their wives and daughters to see the beauties and the prosperity of Canada's intellectual metropolis. Some have come from southern lands to gaze—as they expected—on this frozen north-land. I cannot vouch for a story I heard of a lady from a southern state who came to the Association meeting with an outfit of heavy clothing, and even some furs, only to find Old Sol beaming down on this polar clime with an 80-in-the-shade beam in his eye. These scientific people may know a great deal, but they will know more ere they leave Canada.

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The corridors of the University were filled Wednesday morning with busy bustling men, curious investigators, and carefully dressed women with eager and expectant faces. The Convocation Hall was crowded to greet the Association which for the third time holds its annual meeting on Canadian soil, Montreal being the city which was previously visited. The meeting was called to order by the venerable James D. Dana of New Haven, and the newly-elected President, Prof. T. C. Mendenhall of Washington, made a few remarks, mentioning his pleasure in being so honored by his brethren of the Association, and took his chair at the close of his short address. C. Carpmael M.A., president of the Executive Committee, explained the arrangements made by the Torontonians for the comfort and pleasure of their guests.

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Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, in a very felicitous speech, gave to the American visitors a warm welcome, assuring them that they had the freedom of the city and of the province; that they might fish in our Canadian waters during their stay, botanize in our fields and forests, and examine our wines and grain products, adding, though, that no "corner" must be formed to the detriment of Canadian capitalists. He also declared that Canadians were not jealous of the American's country, because—ours was larger. His closing remark was expressive of the hope that under the folds of the British flag they might enjoy peace and prosperity during their stay in Canada.

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An address, read by Wm. Mulock, M.A., M.P., was the welcome by the Senate of the University, and immediately after Mayor Clarke welcomed the scientific visitors on behalf of the city. President Mendenhall thanked these gentlemen for their assurances of good fellowship. The secretaries explained the internal arrangements regarding abstracts of speeches, and the financial secretary made the statement that the balance due the treasurer was exactly thirty-three cents, though a comfortable sum was invested at five per cent. At the close of the meeting the wearers of badges repaired to the dining-room to partake of the lunch prepared for them by their hostesses, the ladies of Toronto.

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On Wednesday evening the first open general session was held in the Pavilion. I have never seen the Pavilion more brilliantly or more tastefully decorated than on this occasion. Outside the building in three or four tiers were suspended hundreds of Chinese lanterns, while inside many flags, British, Canadian, and American, artistically draped, hung in every available place. A large and beautiful motto bearing the words, "Welcome to Toronto," at once arrested the eye on entering, and on the pillars supporting the gallery were shields, draped with flags, bearing the illustrious names of Herschel, Bacon, Darwin, Cuvier, Lubbock, and many others which science has recorded with letters of gold on the register of her immortal sons. The audience was very large and very attentive to the reading of Prof. J. W. Powell's eloquent and poetical paper on the evolution of music. On account of Major Powell's absence the paper was read by his colleague on the U. S. Geological Survey, Prof. G. K. Gilbert. After the reading of this paper and some additional words of welcome by Alderman Dodds, the meeting resolved itself into an informal reception—the savants cultivating each other's and outside acquaintances, and enjoying the music of the Grenadier's band which played on the balcony.

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On Thursday afternoon the ladies of the American Science Association were met at University College by Mrs. R. A. Hoskins and Mrs. Clarkson, the convener and secretary of the Ladies' Reception Committee, and with a number of the professors were taken for a drive through the northern part of the city. They visited Glenedyth, Mr. Nordheimer's beautiful residence, going thence to Earlscourt, the residence of Mrs. Foster, where they had tea, afterwards continuing their drive. The ladies of Toronto are doing everything in their power to make the visit as pleasant to the scientists and their ladies as possible.

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Prof. T. C. Mendenhall of Washington, who occupied the chair at the general session on Wednesday evening, caused a laugh when, speaking of the absence of Major Powell, he said his picture had been published in one of the daily papers and it was rather unfortunate he was not present so that he could live down the impression it might have created. Rather rough on our esteemed contemporary's artistic work.

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The ball-room at the old vice-regal quarters in the old city of Quebec was beautifully adorned on Monday evening. Armor of long past days, was arranged in tasteful designs of stars, arcs and stands of arms. The colored lights, dancing and fading on the glittering highly-polished surface, the fair faces, the beautiful toilets, the gay uniforms, the music, the perfume, combined to make the splendidly-decorated room a scene of brilliancy, beauty and delight.

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At half-past nine the vice regal party entered. The Governor-General and Lady Stanley were attended by Capt. C. Colville, military secretary; Capt. A. McMahon, A.D.C.; Hon. E. Stanley, A.D.C.; Lieut-Col. P. Laudry, extra A.D.C., and Major Hector Prevost, extra A.D.C. With Her Excellency Lady Stanley were the Lady Alice Stanley and Miss Lister. The music was perfect in all its details; and flitting through the spacious hall "fair women and brave men" moved to the music and "chased the glowing hours with flying feet." Refreshments were served through the evening, and a supper at midnight.

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Lady Stanley's dress was rich black moire, artistically trimmed with white satin and pearl embroidery, her ornaments being diamonds. Lady Alice Stanley's gown was cream mousseline de soi, over silk, and she also wore diamonds. Miss Lister's toilette was grey tulle.

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Sir Henry and Lady Loch were two noted guests. Sir Henry is on his way to Melbourne by way of San Francisco, and after arranging his private business there he sails for Cape Town, having just been appointed Governor of Cape Colony. He has seen much of foreign life and active military service in India, Turkey and China, in which last country he was imprisoned in an iron cage and carried from place to place. He was Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, also Governor of Victoria. His wife and Lady Lytton, the wife of the British Ambassador at Paris, are sisters.

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The New York *Mercury* tells an amusing story of an insult offered the Brooklyn crack regiment—the 13th—which visited the Hamilton Carnival. The feeling of self-satisfaction with which the men neared their homes, after having been lauded, kindly welcomed and well-entertained in Her Majesty's dominion, was only the proverbial "pride" which precedes the proverbial "fall." As they entered the City Hall Park in New York, a burly policeman advanced and, with wild gesticulation and excited accents, informed the band it must not play while marching through the park. There was some inclination to resist authority, but the matter being referred to the colonel, he said with some indignation: "March without the music then." So the crest-fallen regiment straggled through the park without those well-marked notes which lend elasticity to the step.

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From a correspondent at Murray Bay, P. Q., I received a communication of the following pleasant entertainment a little too late for insertion in last week's paper. On the evening of August 19, Chamard's Hotel in this place was the scene of a very pleasant affair. A popular programme was presented before an audience consisting of guests and their friends from the village. Rev. Mr. Boyle of St. Thomas, Ont., occupied the chair, and the following took part: Instrumental solo, Gavotte, by Miss Leaycraft of New York; vocal solo, Marguerite, by Miss M. A. Cosens of Savannah, Georgia; recitation, How They Brought the Good News From Ghent to Aix, by Miss Moylan of Ottawa; vocal solo, *La Soir*, by Mr. La Flamme of Montreal; instrumental solo, Tarantelle, by Miss Cosens of Toronto; vocal solo, Good bye Summer, by Miss Barnes of New York. These numbers were all heartily encored and responded to. After this an admirably arranged charade was presented in three scenes, in which several of the guests were actors, the principals being the Misses Leaycraft, Richardson, Barnes and Smith, with Messrs. Budden and Chapman. The word chosen was Chamard, and the third scene consisted in the presenting of the gentleman bearing that name to the audience. At this juncture Rev. Mr. Boyle stepped forward and read an address to Mr. Chamard, after which Miss Cosens of Toronto and Miss Smith of Ottawa came forward and handed to the popular landlord a well-filled purse. Mr. Chamard suitably responded. For He's a Jolly Good Fellow was heartily sung and the meeting broke up.

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The *Alaskan*, a bright little paper published at Sitka, notes the arrival in that port on August 9 of the steamer Geo. W. Elder, having among others on the list, Senator Macdonald, Miss Winnifred Macdonald, James Tilt, Q.C., Mr. William Tilt and Rev. J. P. Lewis, all of Toronto.

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Mrs. George Alexander gave a Musicale At Home last Tuesday evening at her residence at Balmy Beach. A number of the Beach people were present and enjoyed themselves to the extreme limit, as it will no doubt be the last gathering of the season at the Beach. Among those residing at the Beach who were present were: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. John Leys and Miss Leys, Mr. and Mrs. John Dick, Mrs. Bernard, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Miss Alexander, Mrs. Ogilvie, the Misses Dalton, Miss Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Barker, Messrs. Houston, Barker, Peuchen, Gundy and Robertson.

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Mr. John O. Heward and family return on Monday from Niagara-on-the-lake and will take up residence at the Island until their house on Bloor street is ready.

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A tennis match was played last Wednesday between the Misses Despard and the Misses Geikie, on the grounds of Mr. Despard of Rosedale, which resulted in favor of the Misses Geikie by twelve games to their opponents' six.

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The new College street Baptist Church, corner of College street and Palmerston avenue will be opened to-morrow. The dedicatory services will be conducted by Rev. Russell H. Conwell of Grace Church, Philadelphia, who will preach both in the morning and in the evening. On Monday evening he will deliver a lecture on Acres of Diamonds to which an admission fee of twenty-five cents will be charged. Mr. Conwell's oratorical powers are described as extraordinary.

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An interesting social event is on the tapis for September 4, being the marriage of Miss Maggie King, lately one of Ingersoll's most popular belles, and more recently of this city, to Mr. Robert Ball, of the legal firm of Ball & Ball, Woodstock.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Taylor have returned to their Parkdale home after having spent a most delightful two months' vacation at Long Branch and Asbury Park, New Jersey.

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Mr. R. U. McPherson of McPherson and Campbell has just returned from a trip to Mackinaw and the lakes of Muskoka.

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Mr. J. T. McKillop left on Wednesday for the Pacific coast, where he intends making his home in the future. A large number of his friends were at the Union Station to see him off and wished him every success in the far west.

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Miss Fanson and Misses Nettie and Mosetta Fanson of the city of Danville, Ill, and formerly of Jarvis street, Toronto, have been visiting their old friends in this city. During their stay the young ladies were the guests of Mrs. Bray, 411 Parliament street. After a very pleasant week's sojourn in the Queen City, they returned home last week.

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The many friends of Miss Rene Mosetta Fanson, formerly of the Metropolitan Methodist Church choir, will be pleased to learn of her rapid progress and success in her new home in Danville, Illinois, whither the family removed last October. Miss Fanson is now leader of the largest church choir in the city, and is one of the leading soloists at all the fashionable concerts and college musical entertainments given in that music-loving city.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hailsbury are visiting friends at Cobourg.

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Mr. S. G. Stayner, with Stayner, Kennedy Co., left last Saturday on his vacation, taking in Grimsby Park, St. Catharines and Stratford, the last-named place being his home.

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Upon the arrival, at the port of Collingwood, of the steamship Pacific, on Wednesday, August 28, the passengers numbering over one hundred, assembled in the main saloon, and having appointed Mr. E. P. Pearson of Toronto, chairman, that gentleman presented, on behalf of the passengers, the following address to Captain Campbell: "We cannot part from you nor leave the noble steamer Pacific without expressing our thanks for the handsome manner in which you have looked after the comfort and welfare of the large number on board, and express our admiration of the good ship which has been our home for the past week. We look forward to next season with pleasure when we hope to again meet you and enjoy this trip of all trips." We also wish to acknowledge the attention and ability of all your subordinate officers and crew. Wishing you long to be spared to guide the Pacific, we remain on behalf of the passengers, Ed. P. Pearson, Hy. Lowndes, Sir W. P. Howland, G. W. King, F. Capreol, Dr. Cameron, F. G. Ramsden.

* * *

There are still quite a number of guests at the Beaumaris Hotel who enjoy the pleasant days boating, bathing, fishing and playing lawn tennis. The evening amusements are principally dancing, music and bonfires. Fishing is much better this year than it has been for the last two or three seasons. Several large catches have lately been made; the largest of these weighed sixty-two pounds, caught by Mr. S. C. Gill of Steubenville and Dr. Willard of Pittsburg, who are now staying at this hotel. The following guests are now staying at Beaumaris Hotel: Mrs. A. H. March and family, Rev. A. and Mrs. Hart and family, Mr. W. Boultbee, Mrs. Boultbee, Mr. A. Boultbee, Miss Boultbee, Mrs. and Miss Spears of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Gill, Miss Holten of Steubenville; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Scott and family, Mr. and Mrs. McKee, Mr. C. H. Paulson, jr., Mrs. H. B. Logan, Dr. and Mrs. Willard, Miss Willard, Miss E. Willard, Mr. L. Willard, Miss Wilson, Miss King, Mrs. Dewhurst and son of Pittsburg, Pa.; Hon. James A. Stranahan of Mercer, Pa.; Mr. C. M. Wilson of St. Thomas; Mr. F. G. Peto of London; Mr. Julian R. F. Boyd of Hamilton; Miss Wills of Aurora.

* * *

Mons. Trancle-Armand has returned from a ten days' trip to New York.

To the Woods.

Rubbers? Of course. You don't suppose you are going to get the pitcher plant without wet feet, unless you have them, do you? You had better remain here then, while we go down to the swamp for it. This is a lovely bit of woods, so perhaps, after all, you will have the better part. Here, as if to bid us welcome, the beautiful meadow-sweet offers her slender sprays of daintiest white blossoms, and over there, where the light is breaking through the branches, I catch a glimpse of red—a wild salvia probably, flaunting her crimson tassels in the sun. What a brilliantly beautiful thing it is, this stately Cardinal flower that got its name in the days when Canada was still Louisiana and a province of France; and its finder—no doubt one of those adventurous courtiers who were amongst the earliest French pioneers—was reminded by its rich color of the hat and robe of a Richelieu or Mazzarin. Fancy so regal a flower being cousin to the lowly little lobelia that trails from our hanging baskets. Another is the Indian tobacco, or kinikinik, whose leaves were once largely smoked by the Indian, though its active principle is a deadly poison. Still, slight doses produce only a most calming effect on the nerves, and as they used the leaves of many another plant—especially those of the fragrant wintergreen—for the same purpose, they probably only mixed those of the kinikinik with them. Who knows but that the wonderful phlegm displayed by them at their councils was due to its influence. The red flowering raspberry shows the deep rose pink of her blossoms on every side, flower and fruit in equal perfection; and the arching sprays of the blackberry bushes are borne down by the weight of their over-ripe glistening fruit.

CARDINAL FLOWER.

Look! there's a chipmunk, feasting on the berries. See, he has caught sight of us, and not being quite sure of our intentions is stuffing his cheek pouches with them as fast as he can and eating busily all the while.

Catch him! Not you. For all so busy as he seems he is watching us warily with those full, bright eyes of his, and when you get so close you might almost touch him, you will see a whisk of his tail, a gleam of white from the lines on his sides and lo! he will disappear—into a hole at your very feet, perhaps, for he is never far from home.

Time flies; mesdemoiselles. We will never find our pitcher plant at this gait. We will meet you here by this dogwood bush, so now—*a bientot*. This little stream flows down to the swamps; we may as well keep along its banks. What a dark stillness there is under these overhanging boughs; not a sound but the brook's low ripple, or a sudden whi-r-r-r, as a silent bird flies past us, breaks in on

"The oratory
That speaks in perfumed silence."

And not a single tone of color from flower or

GRASS PINK.

Catch him! Not you. For all so busy as he seems he is watching us warily with those full, bright eyes of his, and when you get so close you might almost touch him, you will see a whisk of his tail, a gleam of white from the lines on his sides and lo! he will disappear—into a hole at your very feet, perhaps, for he is never far from home.

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"The oratory
That speaks in perfumed silence."

And not a single tone of color from flower or changing leaf relieves the deep, dense green of ferns and mosses. That's a holly fern at your feet. Handsome, is not it? though neither fine nor large—I've seldom seen it over eighteen inches high. But its thick, shining fronds, dark and glossy as the leaves of the tree from which it borrows its name, have a character and beauty all their own. Look at the little bristles along the edges of the pinnules, and the quaint lobes on their upper sides just where they join the stem. It is almost an evergreen too, and will look as fresh and green as now any day in mid-winter should you lift off its coverlet of snow.

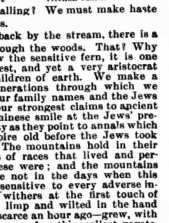
Sunshine again and the blue skies over us, and only a fringe of low swamp-willows between us and our hunting ground. In and out among their branches flits a little black and yellow warbler as though haunted by memories of the nest he helped to build there in the early May days, though it must long be empty now. The bittern builds there, too, but he is a night bird. Many a time his strange loud call has startled me, dropping down through the autumn night.

Only a bit of marsh, but who can deny its beauty. The turtle-heads, oddly shaped but pretty flowers, white sometimes, sometimes faintly pink, rise by the little stream where, too, grow thickly the bushes of the touch me-not, all bright with orange blossoms; that beautiful orchis, the grass pink, rears her spikes of rosy bloom among the sedgy grasses; tall cat-tails stand like stately warders round the bit of open water where the stream broadens into a miniature lake, ruddy with reflections caught from the crimson west, and over it the dragon flies,

"Those harmless warriors clad in mail,"

bronze and purple, gold and olive and green, wheel and charge and flash their gauzy wings in the glow of the sinking sun.

Here's a great bed of our pitcher plant, we're in luck, are we not? It's a splendid specimen, too, for each leaf—these little pitchers are the leaves you know—must be over six inches high, and their crimson veining is so distinct that at a little distance the outer surface looks almost ruddy.



PITCHER PLANT.

What a lovely, delicate green they are inside though, and see, when you wet them how vividly the veins gleam out, and the hairs about the lips look like spun silver strung with tiny diamonds.

Hark! don't you hear them calling? We must make haste to fill our baskets.

We'll not go back by the stream, there is a shorter way through the woods. That? Why surely you know the sensitive fern, it is one of our commonest, and yet a very aristocrat amongst the children of earth. We make a boast of the generations through which we can trace back our family names and the Jews laugh to scorn our strongest claims to ancient lineage. The Chinese smile at the Jews' pretense to antiquity as they point to annals which show their empire old before the Jews took note of time. The mountains hold in their keeping records of races that lived and perished before these were; and the mountains themselves were not in the days when this frail frond—so sensitive to every adverse influence that it withers at the first touch of frost and hangs limp and wilted in the hand that plucked it scarce an hour ago—grew, with the pines and mosses of earth's earliest vegetation, ages before the coming of man.

Many a reader, no doubt, thought Victor Hugo's lines

"*Le rosier respire par Eve embaume encore*
Nos de ulls et nos amours;
Et la perrenneté est plus eternelle que Rome;
Car ce qui dure pea, monte et forets, c'est l'homme;
Les fleurs durent toujours,"

but a flight of the poet's imagination, yet the living proof of their truth growsin every bit of woods about us.

Changeless amid the changes of the universe, it springs anew with every recurring year, an everlasting interrogation point in Nature's book; a perpetual why? never to find an answer from the lips of those who deny to that universe a Creator.

"—the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"

D B.

FOR AN
Engagement or Birthday Present
One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on front-back, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.
E. BEETON
High Grade Watch Specialist
Opposite Post Office

Sea Side Excursions
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Murray Bay Saguenay
White Mountains Portland
Rye Beach Passamaquodd
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
72 Yonge Street . . . . Toronto.

MISS M. MORRISON
41 KING STREET WEST
Is now showing a choice and varied assortment o
New Millinery Goods
To which inspection is invited.
The Dressmaking Department is worthy of notice also, being under able management.

SCARFS
All Summer Scarfs Must Go
SEE OUR PRICES
One lot, Two for 25c., also a line at 25c. each, and our best goods at 50c each.
Selling Very Fast
WHEATON & CO.
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W. F. ROSS & CO.
ROOM 1,
55 AND 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
TORONTO.
High Grade Non-Magnetic Swiss&American
WATCHES
Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

Fall Fashions in Bonnets and Hats.

DEAR MOLLIE:—Have you read the daily papers on the subject of the fall millinery opening? The reporters wondered where all the pretty women were going, and, following them, they found that the beautiful ones were all strangers and milliners, come to Toronto to admire the new goods and buy their fall stock.

Of course I wanted to see the styles, so I went too, and now I am going to unload the knowledge I gained on you—you long-suffering, good-natured little mouse—but then I know you want to hear, so it's all right. A great many of the hats have soft crowns. Ostrich plumes and tips are with us again, and I do hope they have come to stay, for birds and wings are my especial bugbears in millinery. A pretty brown velvet hat, with low crown and wide, curved rim, was trimmed with brown ribbon-faille, tiny gilt-headed pins, and on the brim, in a little indentation, were two tiny yellow canaries, the sight of which spoiled it for me.

It seems odd I should write to you for I have not done so since you left home, but do you know a hat which I saw in the first wholesale I went into seemed to suggest itself to me as being made for you. It was rich purple velvet with a low crown and a sweeping brim, narrow at the back, and held up there by a scarf of heliotrope silk. The silk was draped on the left side of the crown in careless folds, and in front a single knot was tied and the ends spread out in loose pleats. At the back were some little purple wings, and one with a gleam of orange in it. That hat, my Mollie, would have suited you so well.

Another pretty one was deep garnet; its crown was decorated with jet, and its only trimming was black ostrich feathers. One, something similar was made up in mahogany with black jet and plumes.

The majority of those hats I noticed were velvet, but one felt I thought particularly pretty.

The color was brown—golden brown—the trimming ribbons, loops, little pins and feathers in golden brown and white. The brim was raised at the back and two or three loops of ribbon held in place a little tip. It would droop over the hair in a pretty graceful fashion.

As to color, I cannot see that any especial one prevails. I noticed garnet, wine color, scarlet, blues, greens and browns, while gray entered into some stylish combinations.

One pretty little bonnet was all brown and green—brown velvet with green ribbon brightening it.

A novelty in trimming is embroidery—silk on velvet and felt; some open work, some solid. It is used on bonnets and wide brimmed hats, as gold and silver lace was this summer.

Another novelty is ostrich trimming.

A pink velvet bonnet with a full crown had brown strips of it down the crown and around the brim.

Greens are noticed among the fashionable shades, but not the glaring, grassy greens which some people wore in the summer.

I saw more ostrich plumes than birds, for which I am very glad.

As a rule the hats are wider brimmed than they were, and curved and twisted, and bent into a variety of shapes. Those kinds are nice for dressy hats—not for ordinary wear. There is nothing like a close hat, either turban or walking shape, which requires little trimming, and around which a veil will condescend to go without much coaxing, allowing bangs to be kept in order when the air is damp. I have my eye on a navy-blue felt walking hat, with rather a higher crown than has been worn, bound with ribbon, looking as if it was just waiting for a knot of velvet ribbon and half a dozen little pins to prove how very pretty it could be. It would, I am sure, be also very serviceable.

In the mantle departments I found that fawn, fawn, fawn, was the prevailing shade.

One handsome jacket in fine fawn cloth was made with vest front, fastened with little pearl buttons, and the coat lapels turned back. It was beautifully embroidered in fawn silk, and had collar and cuffs of beaver. That is the one my heart clings to among all I saw.

Some were in navy, some in brown, many in black, but the fawn were more numerous. It rather alarms me when I think of the tendency to lengthen the jackets. They are so convenient for walking when short. If they are real long they look nice, but those dreadful three-quarter abominations hurt my eyes; I had one once, and I know how they look.

May I tell you, Mollie, about a silver charm that I am eager to have made? It is what might be called a red-letter day charm. You know how very durable a silver chain is, and how one's eyes ache as they see the endless procession of kettles and balls which dangle on dresses of all kinds; and you know too, that monograms are out of date, and yet coins make good charms because, thanks to our country's idea of solidity, the silver won't wear off. Well, take a ten cent piece or a five, or a quarter if you like them large, have engraved some of the dates you want to remember—we all have red-letter days in our lives—and then have the jeweller enamel the letters with red. If you have one made before I do, let me know if it does not look nice.

Perhaps I shall write you about the dress goods, color, combinations and novelties, soon.

Your sincere friend,
CLIP CAREW.

Hilarity at Saratoga.

A Saratoga correspondent of a New York paper tells the following story: Mr. Greening, with excellent tact, gave a dinner last week in honor of the Princess Engalitcheff, and invited a number of well-known people to meet the guest of the evening. Among those who sat at table was a certain rather dudish young man about town, well known in this city, who promptly proceeded to commemorate his first introduction into the presence of royalty by getting into a glorious state of inebriety. When the dinner was over he was already feeling fine—very fine—and afterwards, when he had put several quarts of grand sec under his waistcoat, he was mellow indeed. Approaching the chief clerk of the Kensington he intimated that he desired to be escorted to bed. The clerk readily agreed that this was a seasonable proceeding, and summoned one of the dozen hall boys lounging about.

"No; I want them all," exclaimed the New Yorker, with an air of enforced dignity. "I've been dining with royalty and I want to be taken up to bed like a monarch."

"Well," said the clerk, who thought the easiest way was the best, "I suppose it's got to go."

"Fall in!" roared the well-loaded reveler to the group of grinning darkies, and they all got in line before him. Then a drill of a few minutes occurred that was quite the most comical thing seen in Saratoga this season. Finally he said:

"Follow me!" and then he started up stairs to the fifth floor with his retinue behind him. It was an event that night in the hotel, and the monarchical young man was cheered on every landing—but the salutations being accepted in a proper kingly spirit of toleration. When his room was reached the retinue drew up in line and he strode inside with the air of a czar. Then the darkies, who never wanted any better fun, were commanded to go down on their knees before him, rise, and salaam. Then he tossed them all his loose change, waved them majestically away, closed the door, and fell down on the rug to slumber until the morrow.

A Woman Who Slapped Queen Victoria

In a picturesque village among the well-wooded hills of Morris County, New Jersey, lives an elderly woman from whom Dr. H. S. Drayton has drawn the following naive story. The narration is in the old lady's words:

"My father," said Mrs. White, "was a clerk in the arsenal at Woolwich, when I was a chit of a girl, and I was very fond of running about in the arsenal yard, where I used to play among the big guns and the heaps of cannon balls. The officers all knew me, and I knew King William very well, and the Duke of Kent. They visited the arsenal occasionally, and there would then be parades and evolutions and cannon firing, which delighted me very much. King William called me Chlorie—I don't know why—and sometimes said that he would cut off my curls. I had a great lot of hair that curled. Sometimes the Queen would be naturally in the party that came to the arsenal. The Duke and Duchess of Kent came occasionally, and they were received also with military honors, as the Duke was a high officer in the army, and the guards fired signal guns in token of his arrival. When a royal party came to the gates these guns let all the soldiers at the arsenal and down the marshes know that they must be at their posts, and no one was allowed then to enter the gates without authority.

"One day we heard that the Duke and Duchess were coming, and I was at the gates when they arrived. A little girl came tripping along, and I did not suppose that she was in the royal party, for I had never seen her before, and when she was about to enter the yard, I called out: 'You can not go in there.' She stopped and looked at me, and then said: 'I am going in.' I ran to her and said: 'No, you are not,' and took hold of her to prevent her. Then an officer came and pulled me away, saying that I had been very rude to the Princess Victoria. My father learned of it, and was very angry with me and thought that he might lose his place on account of it. I was made to apologize to the Princess and beg her pardon, and received a severe whipping from my father. They say that I slapped her face, but I am sure that I did not, but I might have shaken her a little or slapped her arms, because I was so angry that she did not heed what I said, and I thought that it was only out of curiosity she came over to the arsenal while the Duke was there.

"How old was she then? I should say nearly my own age, ten or twelve. It was several years before her coronation. I remember just how she looked. She was a trim little thing with light hair, a hat trimmed with roses on her head. She wore a green silk spencer, and low, button shoes with straps around the ankle. I felt sorry that I had treated her so when I was told who she was, but it was a pretty hard task to beg her pardon. I was very likely a self-willed, saucy little wench, and spoiled by the soldiers and officers. I have a brother Richard who was for some time an officer in the Royal Engineers and has held important positions. Another brother of mine fought in the Crimea. He was an officer, too. My brothers were well-educated men.

"Did the King say anything about the affair with the Princess? Yes; he asked the next time he came where Chlorie was, and when he saw me said that he was glad that I had begged her pardon. I usually saw King William whenever he visited the arsenal, and he was really quite friendly toward me."

Mrs. White is a woman not far from seventy years of age, the time of her birth I could not obtain, as she indicated a chary reserve with regard to the exact number of her years. She is intelligent, ready, and has that bearing that shows past associations with people of education and good social rank. How it was that she came to America appears to be due to the fact of her marriage being distasteful to her family and to her determination to do as she pleased. "I might have done better than marry a common soldier," she said, "but I loved him. My family would not recognize him, and that threw us out."—*Once a Week.*

A Job for the Old Man.

Baptist Boy Preacher (nine years old and small for his age)—I suppose you know, pa, that I have been called to your charge?

Old Parson (meekly)—Yes, my son.

"And now, don't you think you had better drop preaching? You never amounted to much, anyhow, and I can use you. I shall want a large, strong, careful person to do my baptizing for me, and you'll do as well as anybody. Come, wha'say?—*Texas Siftings.*

Wouldn't Sell His Birthright.

Employer has just handed his porter a check for his month's wages.

Porter—Shure sir, you've spelled my name wrong, intoirely!

Employer—How's that?

Porter—You've left out one l out of the McAllister, sir.

Employer—O, that's all right. Indorse the check as I have written it.

Porter—Divil a bit! Do you think I'd write meself out of the 400 wid me own hand?—*Town Topics.*

The Reason.

Flipper—I never could understand why there's been so much talk about Mrs. Langtry.

Flapper—Oh, wherever there's a lily there's stalk.

At Kempenfeldt Bay.

Hotel Proprietor (in great distress)—Mr. Languid, what dreadful thing have you done? Something was dropped from your window last night, and it crashed through the roof of the piazza, almost killing young Spontoon. Tell me man, what was it that you threw?

Mr. Languid—Only the pillow from off my bed.

Nervous and Tender-Hearted.

"Conductor, what was that?" asked a nervous old lady as the wheels of the coach made a little more jar than usual.

"We went over a few frogs just then," he replied.

"Most likely squashed the poor things too," she said, with a tremor in her voice.

The Belles of Newport.

The four rival belles are now in the field at Newport—Miss Mabel Wright, with her classic blonde beauty; Miss Romaine Stone, with her dark and rich coloring; the handsome Miss Hargous; and the picturesque Miss Leiter. Though it is a hard race for those not blessed with an abundant supply of this world's goods against the more fortunate girlhood backed by a goodly store of ducats, the other belles are, nevertheless, still able to hold their own. While the wealth of Miss Sallie Hargous is said to be greatly overestimated, there can be no doubt as to that of Miss Leiter, the daughter of the well known Chicago millionaire. Miss Leiter is, however, a girl who would make her mark anywhere, and fortunate indeed will be the man who wins her.

Dr. Blister Collects His Bill.

Dr. Blister of Texas, is one of those physicians who do not stand any nonsense from their patients. According to a Texas paper, one day lately he presented his bill to Mose Shaumburg.

"One hundred and fifty tollars!" exclaimed Mose. "Vy, mine gutness, two funerals in dot family vould not haf cost me so much as dot!"

"It's not too late to have a funeral in the house yet," replied Dr. Blister, drawing a revolver. His bill was paid.

Love in The Nineteenth Century.

To the estimable parrots who hold that passionate love is extinct in this century, we commend the daily papers and washing out their eyes occasionally. On a cursory glance, one jilted lover this month took strychnine, one Paris green, one hanged himself, two killed their successful rivals and one killed the newly wedded breaker of his heart and injured her husband, and then shot himself. All this is not nice, but women can now addle men's brains just as effectively as in the age of chivalry.

A Little Late.

A crabbed old bachelor, who teaches school not far from Austin, was very indignant at little Johnny Flapjack—the only son of Mrs. Flapjack and she a widow—for coming late.

"I couldn't help coming late," sobbed Johnny.

"Why not?"

"Because ma has done been and got married, and I had to wait for my breakfast."

"Got married, has she? Anything to make you late at school! What won't she do next, I wonder?—*Texas Siftings.*

A Long, Long, Weary Day.

Gus—What's the matter, Jack? You look all worn out.

Jack—I've been visiting a young couple with their first baby.

How to Do It.

Fair—Tragedienne—And so you liked my performance?

Gallant Admirer—Oh, it was the very acme of tragic art! But I am almost sorry I went; I caught such a fearful cold.

Actress—Cold! why, the theater was warmed.

Admirer—Yes; but the floor was so damp.

Actress—Indeed! What could have caused that?

Admirer—The tears.

She gave him a free ticket for the season.

A Pleasant Prospect.

She—Ma says she knows that when we are married we won't live so like cats and dogs as she and pa do.

He—No, indeed. Your ma is right.

"Yes, she says she is sure you'll be easier to manage than pa is."

Who Wants $200

without cost or charge? Lever Bros., manufacturers of Sunlight Soap (largest sale in the world), offer $200 for ten guesses. See particulars on card boxes of Sunlight Soap, or ask your grocer to explain. The trade can obtain information by addressing Lever Bros., Toronto. Sunlight Soap has just obtained a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition.

BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY

The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, consisting of Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has been removed to

Rosenbaum's Bazaar, 159 King St. East

and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Racquets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

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GRAVEL ROOFING

For all kinds of Flat Roofs.

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For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.

Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.

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J. & J. LUGSDIN

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Hatters and Furriers

101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

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W. A. MURRAY & CO.

Have now opened 250 cases of British and Foreign Novelties for the Early Fall Trade, consisting of Silks, Velvets, Plushes, French Dress Goods, Fancy Flannels, Lace Goods, Dress Trimmings, Fancy Ribbons, Mantles, Jackets, Ulsters, Wraps, Children's Mantles, Cloakings, Shawls, Skirts, Corsets, Children's Dresses and Fancy Goods of every description.

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99 Yonge Street

Are now showing a magnificent range of BOAS AND MUFFS in all Rare and Fashionable Furs. Our large full BLACK BEAR BOA AND MUFF AT $25 a set is the best value ever offered for the money. We make a specialty of

Seal Mantles and Walking Jackets

and will quote them at reduced prices during September. Our Illustrated Catalogue, containing over 100 cuts of different styles of Fur Garments, mailed free on application.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

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99 Yonge Street

DORENWEND'S PARIS HAIR WORKS

Is the Largest in Canada

Persons buying Hair Goods please remember this: You can buy here cheaper goods, more becoming styles and better qualities than from any other dealer in the Dominion.

Hair Goods of all kinds. Frontpieces, Bangs, Waves, Switches, Wigs, Toupees, &c., &c. Hair Ornaments of every description.

Fine Toilet Articles, Perfumes, &c., &c

DORENWEND'S

Paris Hair Works and Beautifying Bazaar

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MONS. ARMAND

Has just returned from New York, where he has selected the latest styles in Hair-dressing, Hair Ornaments in newest designs of real Tortois shell, real finest Steel Pins and Combs,

Articles de Toilettes and Perfumery

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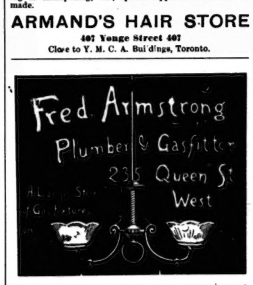

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FIRST HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

Passage in the Life of Mr. Schmidt Artist.

By W. H. HUNTER.

I.

Mr. Schmidt, or, as it was written in the circular of the Misses Belshaw's Select Academy for Young Ladies, Dr. Leopold Schmidt, *Mus. Bach* Instructor in the Department of Vocal and Instrumental Music, was tall, lean, angular, awkward. Of German parentage, though himself born in America, Schmidt had escaped naturalization.

In the larger cities of the Union a colony can usually be found which keeps itself German—working for none but Germans; living among Germans and in the German way; clinging to German fashion and speech, strangers in a strange land, who stamp their peculiarities on the quarter wherein they most do congregate; a kindly, honest people in the main, but poor stock for citizens. Young Schmidt grew up in just such a household, or to be more precise, in as apartment of the German flats in the German-American city of Milwaukee. In time this brought disadvantages. For the youth, finding himself musical, had his ambition which prompted him, all simple as he was, to plunge into the great world. Even while dreaming of success he encountered the conditions, the motives, of a life for which inexperience unfitted him; and, after a brief season of endeavor, Schmidt emerged, plans fallen, hope o 'spirit crushed to earth. This history of a failure can be told in very few words.

He had adventured to New York; instinct leading the artist to centres of population where the thrift of their fathers permits a rather numerous society the luxury of being amused. He fell in there with a fellow of about his own age, who likewise was planning the storm of the art world. Acquaintance ripened into friendship; and, since youth is the era of lofty schemes, the two friends in a fury of zeal attacked a theme for an opera. It is idle now to speculate whether, but for their mischance, the authors of La Marquise might not be known as famous as that famous partnership of London. The musical people of their circle made all manner of civil speeches, and, to crown their desires, Madame Goetz, the illustrious soprano, consented to produce La Marquise. The night of the first performance came round without serious accident, and their troubles were all forgotten. When the curtain fell on the second act it could no longer be doubted that La Marquise was a success. Indeed its authors were receiving in the foyer of the theater the enthusiastic compliments of friends at the very moment when chance broke the flattering glass of fortune. The orchestra had played the last bars of the interlude, yet, for some cause or other, the curtain remained down. The audience was indulgent; it is impossible that on the first night a piece can run altogether smoothly. The orchestra began again but was silenced by the curtain straggling up without warning. A scene was shown set for a ball-room, but the stage was empty. As the theater quieted into expectation the uproar going on in the wings became vocal. A shrill voice, it could hardly be recognized as that of Madame Goetz, was heard over and over again to declare, "I will not! I will not go on again with that woman. That woman seemed to defend herself vigorously; for Madame resorted to hysterics. Unfortunately her wishes, however reasonable, could not be complied with on the instant; as the object of her aversion was cast for the part of the rival charmer in this very scene, and certainly, it was difficult for the opera to proceed without her. Madame's husband, vainly. No summary application of logic can appease the mind feminine. In the meantime, to add to the confusion, Madame's husband and manager, an M. Paul Jacobs, engaged in a violent altercation with the theater manager. It was this M. Jacobs himself, who was the cause of all the mischief. His jealous spouse had de ected him in some slight passage of gallantry with the person referred to as that womanly. Jacobs, the manager cursed them heartily all round and rushed on the stage to make explanation and due apology. The audience dispersed slowly, to discuss the event of the evening in every drawing-room in the city. Of course Madame's contract was broken, rather, it must be said, to the satisfaction of M. Jacobs, who could appreciate, as well as any of his tribe, the value able qualities of a scandal. While the affair was still on the lips of the world he found for Madame a highly advantageous engagement. The cause of his offending he cut off. "Can't allow," he explained, emphatically, "can't allow sentiment, by George, to interfere with business!" One other sacrifice had to be made to Madame's feminity; nothing could ever induce her, she was quite positive, to play again in La Marquise. This was conceded reluctantly and the pair became more conjugal than ever.

So the caprice of a woman shipwrecked at the outset the fortunes of Schmidt.

Moments of weakness atone in the artist for his all too brief pursuit of a vanished ideal; the constitution of his own nature is he chastened, requiring no reverse of external fortune to enforce for him the lesson of the vanity of human endeavor. But suddenly cast down, Schmidt was doubly unfortunate. The revulsion from the full tide of hope was terrible, and his inexperience of life left him to the abandonment of despair. Another might have survived distress such as this and have been strengthened in purpose and elevated in feeling; Schmidt gave over striving. In this apathy the impulses of his finer being faded within him; the artist was lost. For some time he lived Bohemian wise, a waif, fleeing the scene of his disorder, he came to Toronto, where he obtained a position, which he never thought of relinquishing, as second violin in the orchestra of the Grand. By this and by his teaching he fairly earned his narrow income of six hundred a year.

At the time when occured the passage in his life which is worthy of the telling Schmidt was in his eight and thirtieth year. As is usual with men who have been rebuffed by the world he had lived much within himself. A bachelor, the privileges of his high estate were confined to a single, many-angled, sloping attic chamber, like the man, full of oddities and surprises—indeed between the two could be fancied a quaint resemblance. He had escaped the petty tyranny of his landlady, who told him roundly of the trouble he made, while in other society she received complacently enough congratulations on the good qualities of her guest. In all these years of loneliness, Schmidt had become shy and precise in his way of life. When the world is contracted to one's self we exaggerate the importance of every circumstance of our personal history; by degrees we grow egotistical, at last downright selfish. The simplicity of his nature saved Schmidt from this latter danger; the beautiful soul of the man could be seen in the honest gray eye that gathered up all the expression of his homely features. Of a dreamy contemplative cast of mind he had made few acquaintances. A comrade from the theater occasionally sat with him of a Sunday and the two burned tobacco in silence by the hour, and all the while enjoying one another hugely.

Schmidt despised his task, but accepted the livelihood it afforded with true German nonchalance; a philosopher could do no more. If by chance he were asked his opinion of much of the music he helped to make night after night at the theater, his lips opened sufficiently to reply: "Mer-e-tricious!" elaborating each syllable in his gentle way that spoke for volumes of criticism. His occupation at the academy he was accustomed to describe, with a humorous uplifting of the eyebrows that defies translation, as "Teaching the fid-dle to the young noses." It might have been expected that, spending his life in toil irksome to his spirit, he would have made some effort at change. But for Schmidt there was no future; he lived dreamily in the present. He allowed himself few pleasures. Sometimes before leaving his lodging in the morning for the daily round of school, rehearsal and performance, he unlocked his trunk and took out a silver flute, his chief possession, and steeped his soul in the simple ballad airs that have always affected men of the north by the subtle melancholy of their minor chords.

II.

The shadowy days that lead autumn into winter had come round once more, when already the air is eager and earth awaits only her countenance of white to abandon herself to slumber which shall endure until broken to greet again the joyous spring. Schmidt ran down the steps of the Academy that morning as briskly as was his wont. Yet to the observer there was something of agitation in his manner. He adjusted his glasses vehemently and took the direction of the theater, buttoning up as he went his frock coat to the chin. That useful garment had become part and parcel of the musician. Black is prescribed by the unwritten law of the theater, the cut, however, is matter of discretion, and the second violin was above the vanity of a dress coat merely to appear of an evening in the orchestra well of the Grand. His was a striking figure, picturesque, indeed, as he swung along the street. For vigorous of the circulation is particularly desirable when, as with Schmidt, one's coat has at this season to perform double duty.

"Two Heart Doctor," as M. Emile Blanchard, Professor of Foreign Languages and Department at the Academy, once took occasion to remark, and it was the boldest of his bulls in the malicious pleasantry that made it biting. "The Heart Doctor has right to wear the long frock. Like sympathy, it covers a multitude of sins—of the toilet," and with this M. Blanchard cast an approving glance over his own modish attire and strutted off to display himself on King street.

With head thrown back and swinging arms Schmidt moved rapidly in the direction of the theater; there was no haste in his gait, however, in his manner. His flats kept closing and unclosing as in thought he repeated the scene that had just been enacted at the Academy. M. Blanchard had been studiously offensive. Not that the musician had ever given him cause; indeed, his gentle nature was incapable of offense. But the professor felt all the rancour of a Frenchman who has the honor of his bleeding country to avenge. In the anti-room, that formal apartment with the inevitable black, slippery, haircloth furniture, where the instructors met for the few minutes that were at their own disposal, the professor had affected to rejoice over the happy lot of his *confrere*. In vacation he might take his fiddle and give street concerts; and he knew "a leet-le boy who could make up into a charming monkey. Really," said he, with a shrug, "it would be droll." The only reprisal poor Schmidt could take at the moment was to enquire in his gentle way: "Of course the leet-le boy speaks French to be quite the natural?"

The entry of the elder and severer Miss Belshaw brought this disagreeable scene to a close. "Mons. Blanchard," she requested in her execrable accent, "proceed to the lecture-room, *s'il vous plait;* the class is assembled." So the professor had to depart with what of dignity he could, while Schmidt carried his flute to him into the streets bitter thoughts for the day.

At a crossing w ic s 'l bz muddy traces of the storm of the previous night, Schmidt was vaguely conscious of meeting an acquaintance in the lady who was passing. He lifted his hat mechanically, but he recognized in her cold repulse of her glance that he had committed the indiscretion of bowing to an unknown. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to attempt an advance. He blushed guiltily and his confusion was increased—when the other betrayed by a slight smile of amusement her appreciation of his embarrassment. Schmidt had just had the experience of all who walk the same street regularly at the same season of the day. Some fellow-creature Jamilie and one is tempted at times, if not on his guard, to treat its owner as an acquaintance. It is a trifling matter, surely; but painful to the shy. After the adventures of the morning Schmidt was in no enviable frame of mind. This must have been the reason why at the rehearsal the baton of the conductor broke so frequently into the work of the orchestra. The leader, however, knew the worth of his second violin and passed it over with grim warnings.

On the day following if he had thought of it in time Schmidt would have preferred going a street or two out of his way rather than face another such encounter; though there was nothing in her quiet approach that need have caused the flutter he experienced when he caught sight of her first. His alarm proved groundless; for with the instinct of womanhood she had recognized the gentleman under the queer exterior and had already made his excuses. As they passed Schmidt held himself stiffly and watched from the tail of his eye for the expected affront. She, however, as if the slight awkwardness of the situation rather amused her than otherwise, permitted a smile of recognition to pass over her features. The musician divined therein, and correctly enough, his own pardon; and with a bow that was quietly courteous paid the homage due such generous victor. Schmidt was immensely relieved and for that day may be said to have worn her smile on his heart. He astonished his comrades at the theater by the lightness of his humor which even led him into some harmless practical joking. So easily does the artist's nature respond to impressions.

Half thoughtfully she had walked on and now as she stands in the back parlor of The Divan and in the presence of its proprietor, Mrs. Sarah McVicar, laying aside her things, a silhouette of her is outlined against the dark panelling of the wall. A slender figure in a simple gown, the face pleasant though the features are irregular, thick lips and eyes gathered into a knot—these do not explain the charm of her vigorous young womanhood. It is Howells who ventures to say that a true woman can make virtue piquant. True womanhood, rather, renders its possessor radiant and on the face of such a one men delight to look. By the window, the light shining on her gray hair, sat Mrs. McVicar herself. It was her habit, breakfast over and the cottage put in order, to commence the serious business of the day by reading in a book of sermons, which now rested in her lap as she pushed the big silver-rimmed spectacles up on her forehead and listened indulgently to the young woman's narrative of her adventure. The widow of a sea captain who had been cast away somewhere on the broad ocean, she had, after the first great shock of grief, set herself resolutely to earn a livelihood and not be a burden to her connection. Led thereto partly by a predilection for moist Hapoee, partly by a reflected experience due to her late husband's tastes, she had started as a tobacconist in an humble way. It had so prospered with her that the neat cottage-shop in Stephanie Place, which was called The Divan, now embodied her modest fortunes. It was not idle affectation, as it turned out, that had named The Divan. She had many customers who appreciated her conversation and gladly passed a quarter of an hour in her shop. In her stronger moods she relapsed into the use of the homely Scot dialect of her faraway youth. Then it was a treat to hear her, and many were the schemes to draw her out.

(To be Continued.)

The Kid's Temptation.

The watermelon, big and round,
Lies in its native patch—
A tempting object, I'll be bound
The small boy's eye to catch.

The swimming hole within the shade,
Of some o'erhanging tree,
Doth surely seem to have been made
To swim in, you'll agree.

The small green apple on the tree
Each day doth larger grow,
And every boy knows lovingly
Its ripening cheeks do show.

Now surely is the small boy tried,
And sorely tried is he;
With such temptations on each side
Must needs be charity.

How Books Are Reviewed.

The present writer was once asked by a lady friend to use his influence with the editor of a journal with which he was connected to get her book reviewed.

"But I supposed it will be the old story," she said, with a sigh; "they will only cut the leaves and smell the paper knife."

"I am afraid," I replied, with equal sadness, "that it will not come even to that. Nowadays, to cut the leaves of a book would spoil it for selling."

It is, indeed, the fact that in many cases reviewers manage to get all they want out of a book in its uncut state, solely in order to obtain a better price for it at the second-hand bookseller's! Sometimes they do this on their own behalf when they are allowed to keep the volumes they notice; sometimes under orders from their proprietors or editors, when the latter stipulate for the return of the books given out for review.

It is to be feared that the work of reviewing is, in many instances, done in a very perfunctory manner. In one of Henry J. Byron's comedies—Cyril's Success—an old journalist thus addressed a young poet, "I will review your next book of poems, my boy, and what is more—I'll read it!" The ordinary reviewer, in fact, rarely can be said to read the book he notices. He merely dips into it, or skims through it, and settles what he has to say about it in the space of a few minutes. What, indeed, is to be expected when, as is frequently the case with daily newspapers, a reviewer has placed on his table a pile of some twenty or thirty volumes, and is required to get through them in the course of a single afternoon.

It need hardly be said that nothing like careful analysis or criticism is demanded under such circumstances; the books have merely to be noticed, a few lines being devoted to each. This is especially the case with Christmas books, the name of which is legion, and which are poured into every important newspaper office literally by hundred-weights.

Some books may be noticed not unfairly even by this summary process where the reviewer is conscientious and experienced. There are works of which a very good general idea may be gained and conveyed merely by reading the preface and the table of contents. These comprise books dealing chiefly with facts, such as histories, biographies, travels, and science. With such it is comparatively easy to take in at a glance the general scope and design of the publication, and even to form a rapid estimate of the manner in which the work has been done on the whole.

When pictorial illustrations form the chief feature the task to be performed is obviously still more easy, as the objects of criticism strike the eye at once. With works of fiction and imagination the case is different. It seems lamentable when these are only dipped into or skimmed, yet too often that is all the attention they receive.

A vast amount of opinion which passes for criticism is the result of the hastiest impressions, based not on the work as a whole, but on particular portions of it, as, for instance, some unlucky passage which contains an error of style or fact that happens to catch the "critic's" eye. Thus, a slip of the pen or a printer's error will enable the reviewer to denounce the unhappy author "cannot write decent English," while some isolated example of inconsistency or exuberance of fancy will be the foundation of a sweeping charge that the writer's work is clumsy or extravagant.

Indeed those who have had much experience of the press must acknowledge that ordinary newspaper reviewing often is absolutely scamped. The reviewer either is not allowed sufficient time or will not take sufficient trouble to do justice to his task. Hence, strongly pronounced opinions are derived from the most superficial or cursory examination, and books are praised or blamed without judgment or reflection.

On the other hand, it is only fair to recognize that many of our best journals, and more especially those published weekly or at longer intervals, bestow as much pains as possible on their literary columns. Men of taste, experience and learning are selected for the work of analysis and criticism; books are not reviewed in a hurry, and the reviewer is paid liberally enough to make it worth his while to take pains with his work.

The literary article has almost disappeared from the columns of the daily press. Book notices consisting of the publications of as many publishers as possible, and by preference those who are the best advertisers, take the place of the long and elaborate critiques, which once formed a feature of the daily paper.

Rapid reviewing is not inconsistent with conscientious and trustworthy work. Experience in this as in all others, gives facility which might almost seem incredible. An old hand will rush through a book and give a better account of it than many a less practised reader will be able to convey after days of patient perusal. The eye flies by instinct to the more important points and passages, and the judgment is better formed by a survey of the book as a whole than by a minute examination of its details. The swiftness with which a skilled reviewer will get through a three-volume novel, for instance, grasp the outline of the plot, master the characters, and "spot" the weak and strong points of the story, is really wonderful.

An unpublished anecdote of Thackeray illustrates the present writer's knowledge in suggestive. A reviewer being commissioned to an early notice of Esmond, called on the great author, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and obtained the privilege of seeing the proof sheets of the forthcoming novel. Thackeray left him in possession of the proof-sheets for a few hours, at the expiration of which he heard to his surprise that the reviewer had "read the story through."

"Well, my boy," said the novelist, "you have made short work of the book, but recollect it took me a long time to write."

The reviewer, however, himself a distinguished literary man, was quite to be trusted, as the event proved, when the next issue of the daily journal to which he contributed contained a long and masterly account of the latest work of the author of "Vanity Fair."

I think it may fairly be said that reviewing, with all its faults, is, nowadays, on the whole, honest and impartial. Indeed, it is easy to form such an estimate of a critic's qualifications as that attributed to the conductor of a famous "quarterly" in bygone times: "He knows the subject and hates the author."

We sometimes hear of a "dead set" being made in a particular journal against a certain writer, but usually such charges are devoid of foundation. Deliberate unfairness, if persistently practiced, would soon destroy the reputation and influence of any paper that indulged in it. There are, no doubt, exceptions to this rule, and the reader will readily identify certain journals once noted for their excellent criticism and now no longer regarded as authorities, solely on account of their practice of indiscriminate "slating" and "puffing," according to the personal bias of the critic or his editor.

Lord Beaconsfield once stigmatized the whole race of literary critics as men who have failed in authorship. This, if ever true, certainly does not hold good now. Many of our best reviewers are themselves successful authors, and novels, for instance, are noticed in several of the leading journals by some of the most noted novelists of the day. Those familiar with the inner life of the press are well aware that the author is more likely to have fair play from experts of this sort than from any less experienced outsiders. Such reviewers know what book writing is, and are the more disposed to make charitable allowance for its difficulties.

These remarks relate mainly to the reviewing of the daily and weekly press. Of the elaborate critical and educational essays which appear in the great monthly and quarterly periodicals it is unnecessary to speak. These of course, are always the work of first-class writers, and are never marked by the ignorance, haste, and prejudice which too often characterise the criticism of daily and weekly reviewers.

Overreached Himself.

The London *Court Journal* is responsible for the following:

"Will you kindly allow me to stand?" asked a gentleman, as he got into a railway carriage, which carriage already contained the specified number.

"Certainly not, sir!" exclaimed a passenger occupying a corner seat near the door. "The way these trains are overcrowded is shameful!"

"As you appear to be the only person who objects to my presence," replied the gentleman, "I shall remain where I am."

"Then I shall call the guard and have you removed, sir."

Suiting the action to the word, the aggrieved passenger rose and, putting his head out of the window, vociferously summoned the guard. The gentleman saw his opportunity and quietly slipped into the corner seat.

"What's up?" inquired the guard, as he opened the carriage door.

"One over the number," replied the new comer, coolly.

"You must come out, sir! the train's going on," and without waiting for further explanation the guard pulled out the aggrieved passenger, who was left wildly gesticulating on the platform.

A Roman's Bride.

The woman of Rome in old days was married at nightfall. She was dressed in a white robe, a symbol of her virgin purity, bound round her waist with a woolen sash; her hair was plaited into six tresses, after those of the Vestal virgins; on her head she wore a flame-colored veil and a fresh wreath of the sacred verbena, for the wife and priestess in her family. Under the protection of Juno Domiduca (the home leader) she passed through the streets accompanied by her friends, and lighted on her way with torches. By her side there walked a young boy carrying an open basket, in which lay a hank of wool, a distaff and a spindle, for spinning was the great duty of the Roman matron of the republic. To be a good spinner was a gem in her crown of virtues, by the side of chastity and frugality.

This is no Joke.

"Ah! how do you do, Smith?"

"Pretty well, I thank you Jones."

"Where do you keep yourself now? I havn't seen you for an age. The boys used to be always speaking about you, but I never hear them mention your name now."

"No, I don't suppose you do."

"But you used to be one of the most popular as well as one of the jollest fellows in town."

"I know it. When I used to go around with the boys and spend my money with them and neglect my wife and children I was a splendid fellow, but since I began to respect myself and give my wife and children the attention and comforts to which they are entitled, and which should never have been withheld from them, I have lost my popularity among the boys and am now regarded as one of those 'mean cusses.' But I guess I can stand it."

"I guess you can," said Jones. "I never saw you looking better in my life."—*Boston Courier.*

What the Girl Meant.

Mother—Tell me what you meant by introducing me to Mr. Brown as your aunt.

Devoted Daughter—Forgive me, mother, but Mr. Brown appears to be on the point of proposing, and it would not do to run any risks just now, you know. He has a strong prejudice against mothers-in-law.

Identity of Sentiment.

It is related of a clergyman, the happy father of a charming daughter, that, while preparing his Sunday discourse, he was suddenly called away from his desk, leaving unfinished this sentence: "I never see a young man of splendid physique and the promise of a glorious manhood almost realized but my heart is filled with rapture and delight." His daughter, happening to enter the study, read the words. Sitting down, she wrote underneath: "My sentiments, papa, exactly."—*Woman's Journal.*

How He Lost It

"Did you lose your leg going up in a balloon, Mr. Simpson?"

"No, my dear sir," replied the sufferer; "I lost it coming down in one."

Colossal Bass.

(Mr. Scales, who isn't handsome, has fallen asleep.) Shore-lounger—How much d'yer s'pose that one'll weigh, friend?—*Judge.*

The Cream of Current Jokes.

Why hasn't the debt of Nature been paid, she's got the rocks?

She—Were you ever stage struck?
He—Yes, with a bad egg.

"Yes, I am the victim of a maiden's sighs," said a young man who married a 180-pound beauty.

She—I wouldn't marry you for $20,000.
He—But I have $50,000
She—Oh, well, that's different.

Hotel proprietor (engaging negro waiter)—Have a full dress suit?
Negro—Yessah! Razzer and all, sah!

Cook—Now I'm leavin' of yer, mum, I may as well tell yer as the key o' the kitchen door fits your store room!"

Teacher—Willie, who was it that slew Goliath?
Willie—Sullivan, in seventy-two rounds.

Tramp—Can I get a bite of sausage or suthin'?
Lady of the House—You can; here Towser.

Rambler in the country, pursued by a mad bull (in a tone of distress)—Mercy! I'm a vegetarian!"

On board the Cibola.
Flipper—Isn't this heavenly?
Flapper—(after making a dash for the rail)—Heavingly I should call it.

By costs impov'rished, and grown old in woes,
I've gained my suit! and stood in scornful blows,
I've gained the suit! let gladness rend the hall!
The man who lost it has no clothes at all!

When a strand of feminine hair gets entangled in a masculine scarf-pin, it does not require a very heavy step in an adjoining room to make two hearts beat as 20.

Tourist (to native)—Is it against the law to fish in this stream?
Native—Naw. It's agin common sense; there ain't even a catfish in the whole river.

"We are drinking from a sewer," exclaims a Philadelphia paper. We had heard that the editors over there were going in for sleep-fish, but we had no idea that they had fallen below the practice of drinking out of a bottle.

Guard—Now, miss, jump in, please; train's going on.
Child—But I can't go before I have kissed mamma.
Guard—Jump in, miss; I'll see to that.

"Oh! why art thou not near me? oh, my love!" sang a serenader the other night; and yet when the girl, who was leaning too far out of the window, lost her balance and dropped right on to him, the fellow swore like a seaman. Some men cannot stand success.

"Will you eat a philopena with me, Miss Emily?"
"What if I lose?
"Then I win a kiss."
"And if I win?"
"Then I have to kiss you."

An old man, at the end of a lawsuit of many years' duration, which had reduced him to poverty, on hearing that the case had been decided in his favor, expressed his feelings as follows, in an impromptu, written in the hall of the court:

A lady wrote to her lover begging him to send her some money; she added, by way of postscript: "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

Two young ladies and an Irish gentleman were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question:

"Which of us do you think is the elder, Mr. G——?"

"Sure," replied the gallant Hibernian, "you both look younger than each other."

Epicure—Waiter, this steak is positively bad. It must be three weeks old.

Waiter—Ah, pardon, monsieur! I have made ze meestake, and brought you ze venison.

Epicure—Venison? Oh, yes! Then you may leave it. (Tastes it.) Ah! to be sure, it is venison; and very nice, too—very nice, indeed!

Professor—Gentlemen will please close their books.

After a lapse of a few seconds, observing that his polite command had not been obeyed, he adds:

Those who are not gentlemen will please close their books.

Wife (meeting her husband at the door)—Oh, Charles, I have been frightened out of my wits, for——

Husband—Yes, dear, I know; but I was unfortunate enough not to find it out until after our marriage.

They have not spoken for a week.

"My dear sir," said an elderly passenger on a suburban train to a young man in the same seat, "don't you shudder when you read in the newspapers such a story as that about the death of that Hoboken man from delirium tremens?"

"No, not very much," replied the one addressed, "I wrote that story myself from my imagination."

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(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
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Sick Headache, &c.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Caught in a Gale.

In the year 1845 I made a voyage to China by the way of Cape Horn. I had command of the good ship Angelo, and was blessed with a good crew. We had a hard time getting around the southern capes of America, but when we entered the Pacific, we found the weather good, and for some time we glided on our way, without trouble or hindrance. I stopped at Valparaiso, where I remained eight days, and then I set sail for New Zealand, on business connected with the United States Christian Mission. For eleven days after clearing Valparaiso we had a fair wind, but on the evening of the twelfth day we had indications of a storm. I had the sail shortened, taking in the top-gallant sails and double-reefing the topsails.

About 9 o'clock in the evening the wind came round from the eastward and blew a gale, and by midnight I was forced to lay to. In the morning, when the sun rose, there was a lull in the gale, and I began to flatter myself that we were cheaply rid of the storm.

At noon I was able to get the sun, and I found my ship to be in longitude 128 degrees west, and latitude 32 degrees, 15 minutes south, and the wind had now become light and baffling, but with a heavy sea. Toward the middle of the afternoon, my mate, who was an experienced seaman, and an older man than myself, named Hunter, came to me and asked me what I thought of the weather.

"It's not settled yet, by any means," I replied.

"No," said he, emphatically, "and that's not the worst of it. We are going to have a stinger."

"I think we shall have more gales," I responded, "for it is now evident enough that the storm is not wholly passed."

"Ay—and we shall catch it this time more southerly. I tell ye, capt'n, we've got to stand around some before we get clear of this place. I've been here before."

"So have I," I replied, "several times, but I never happened to be caught in a storm of any amount in the Pacific yet."

"Oh, but I have," resumed Mr. Hunter with a shudder. "By my soul, they can get up some great blows here when they try. I rode out one here in 29, in an old hulk of a barque, belonging in New York, and for eight-and-forty hours we expected every minute to have to say our prayers for the last time. I hope I mayn't see another such.

After this the mate went forward to attend to securing the anchors and having all ready for bending the cables if necessity should occur, for I was determined to leave no point unattended to. At five o'clock the wind was warm, seeming much like the fanning from a hot oven, and it seemed to move in circles. It blew from one steady point, but was continually whirling and changing. Heavy clouds had come up to the northward and to the westward, while to southward and eastward there seemed to be a sort of fluid vapor rising and extending itself along the horizon. The clouds rose very fast, and when they had attained a great height passed over our heads, and then settled down gradually, until they actually rested upon the bosom of the sea about us, enveloping us in a thick, cool mist. This was to me a curious phenomenon; but this was not the end. In half an hour the vapor swept away to the northward and westward again. It did not rise, but it slowly passed away, until it rested upon the horizon like a land bank. The appearance of things in the opposite direction had changed somewhat, the vapor there having grown more dense, and wearing a ghastly livid hue. The strange warmth which I had experienced in the atmosphere was gone, and a coolness, which came in little puffs, had succeeded. It seemed as though some one were standing by me puffing into my face.

As the sun sunk into the vapor which rested upon the western horizon, it had a strange look, seeming like a huge lantern of blue glass; but I did not gaze long upon it, for my attention was called the other way. The heavens to the south'rd and east'rd had grown black as night, save a long line of livid light that rested directly upon the water. The puffs of cool air which I had felt now ceased, and our ship lay in a dead calm, rising and falling like a lifeless monster upon the long and heavy swells. I immediately ordered the main to be stripped of canvas. The top-gallant masts had already been sent on deck, thus relieving the ship of lofty spars. I asked my mate if he thought there would be any use of leaving any sail set.

"No," said he, "I should say not. If the blow comes as I think it will, a sail would be no more use than a shirt."

That was my mind, too; and my order for furling all sail was obeyed. Then I had life lines rove, and after this we waited for the storm. But we had not to wait long.

"Do you see that?" whispered Hunter, at the same time pointing off to the south'rd and east'rd.

I had seen it, and it was a long line of white foam. In a moment more came a rumbling sound, like the distant reverberations of a cannon. Our ship lay nearly stern-to, and I waited the coming of the gale with almost breathless anxiety.

And it came! It roared like thunder over the foaming waves, and the spray was rained upon us in torrents. The ship gave one plunge, and for a few moments I thought she would go under; but she finally struggled up, and throwing off her load of water, she darted on before the wind. I examined the compass, and found the wind to come from a point southeast by east. I had one source of comfort, and that was that I had plenty of sea room. I threw the log after the ship had got full headway, but it was impossible to make anything from it, for the mad sea that leaped up to fore the gale "brought the log home," so that the reel would hardly turn, save by fits and starts.

All night long the gale continued with unabated fury, and toward morning it became evident that we must either throw over most of our cargo, or else set some sail, for the seas were now very high, and they were beginning to run faster than the ship went, and I saw that should we be overtaken by some of the immense mountains of water, they would surely swamp us. I ordered the foresail to be set, it having been already double-reefed before it was furled. By care in easing away the buntlines and clew-garnets, and in hauling down the sheets, we got the sail safely set; but this would not answer long. The seas were now so high that they took the wind from the sail all of half the time, and it soon became evident that we must set one of the topsails. I felt sure that the ship would scud the easier under the fore-topsail, and accordingly I had that set.

It was now morning, and the wind had lost not a whit of its fury. I tried many times to heave the log, but it would "come home" with the sea. Once, however, I managed to run off six knots, and I knew we were going faster than that—we were going ten at least. Noon came, and the gale was still up with all its power. I began to have some fears that we should not weather it, for the fore topsail had more strain upon it than I liked. I feared it would give way. I knew if that did go our chance of safety would be small, for I had seen enough of the ship in gales to know that under the main-topsail she would be apt to yaw and broach to. I had some stout, excellent seamen, and it was to their faithfulness and experience at the helm that we in a great measure owed our salvation, for even the slightest mishap at the helm might have proved fatal at once.

Our course was northwest-by-west, and we had run very nearly that for the last twenty hours; and yet I could not tell how far we had run—I could guess, and that was all. I set it at two hundred miles, but the mate said it was more.

Night came again, and the gale was still blowing furiously, and when I went down to my cabin that night, I prayed. At midnight I went on deck, but the mate would not go below. The men had been me fear-stricken, for the ship was now wrenched and loosened fearfully, and I found it necessary to keep the pumps going all the time. I went back to my cabin at one o'clock, and sat down to my chart. I made as close a reckoning as I could of our sailing distance, and I knew that I had the course true. Then I placed my parallel upon the chart, and at the first look my lips started apart with an utterance of horror and my eyes glared wildly. My rule struck the island of St. Elmo, and if my mate was correct in the estimate of our velocity, we could not be over fifty miles distant from the island, and what added to the danger I was not fully sure of our position even so far as the course was concerned, for I knew there was a considerable current in this section of the Pacific, setting to the westward, and hence I knew not how to steer in order to avoid the fatal island. I called Hunter down and showed him the chart, and asked him to make out where we were. He sat down, and in less than two minutes, he leaped up again.

"Good Heaven, capt'n!" he cried, "St. Elmo is right ahead, and surely not more than fifty miles off! We are gone as sure as fate!"

"But may not the current have set us to the westward off it?" said I, hopefully.

"No," was his quick response.

"We went on deck, and after a few moments' consultation I ordered the helmsman to keep the ship's head west-nor-west if possible. He tried it, but it was hard work, for ever and anon the seas would knock her off like a cork, and the danger of being pooped by the huge watermountains was now threatening us all the time. Yet I made the man at the wheel give her all the starboard helm she would possibly bear. I said nothing to the men of the new danger that threatened us, but from the looks of myself and mate they guessed it; and when at length we were obliged to confess the whole, they were perfectly horror-stricken, yet they were prompt to duty, and shortly it seemed resigned to their fate—that is, they were more calm than they were before the new danger was made known to them, though it may have been only the calmness of despair.

Toward morning the nature of the wind seemed to charge—it was a change which I cannot describe—yet that indescribable something was there which told us the gale would not last much longer. It was in the temperature, in the smell of the wind. It seemed softer, and had not so much power of penetration. But the joy of this discovery was soon dashed. Just as the day was about to break, there came upon our ears the sound of something be-ides wind! At length the light of day came, and we saw the scene we had been so fearfully dreading. Right ahead, at the distance of not more than ten miles, was the shore of St. Elmo! It was a mass of bold, sea-dashed rocks which was presented to us, and a cry of horror went up from my men.

The wind was still powerful, and we were being hurled on at a fearful rate toward the rocks. What could be done? Instinctively I cast my eyes toward the mate, and I saw that he was very pale. I knew that my own face must be pale, too. But I could not stand still. I went to my cabin and got my glass, and by the time I returned it was light enough to see the shore distinctly. I raised the glass, and when I had carefully surveyed the shore ahead, a gleam of hope shot through my soul.

"Mr. Hunter," I said, "that is the extreme western point of the island. The point to the left is the westerly cape of St. Elmo. Clear way beyond I can just see the top of the next island."

"Well?" said my mate, interrogatively.

"I am sure if we could clear that point we should be safe," I added.

"If we could clear it," said Hunter, "but that is impossible."

I hesitated a single moment, and then my mind was made up.

"Boys," I cried, speaking loud enough to be heard above the roar of the tempest, "if we run ashore upon those rocks we are dead men, just as sure as fate; no power can save a soul of us. But if we can clear that westerly point we may be saved. By the help of God, I shall make the trial."

"To clear that point, you will have to put the ship's head due west, certainly," said Hunter.

"I know it," was my reply.

"And she cannot be put there," he said. "She could not live a moment with her broadside thus exposed."

"I shall try it!" was my answer; and thereupon I ordered the fore and main topmen to go aft and loose the main topsail. It was already close reefed. Every movement was carefully performed. I had the helm put a-starboard as far as would answer, then the lee sheet was hauled home. Next the weather clew came down, and we got the yard hoisted clear of the cap in safety. The storm-mizzen mast was set, and I soon found that the fore-staysail would be of benefit if it would hold. The mate said I was mad. I pointed to the rocks and asked him if he would like to run in there. I acknowledged that my present course would be madness if there was any other plan within the bounds of possibility.

The ship was now heading due west, and she was going through the water fast. Every hatch was battened, and we were in for it. I prayed then, and saw others pray, for there was need of it. I had four stout men lashed at the wheel, for they could not have stood without. I stood by the mizzen mast and hung on upon the pin-rack. Six times did I see the lee main-yard-arm dip into the water, and yet the ship did not go over! We were literally under the water two thirds of the time, and yet we did not founder. The masts groaned and creaked in their steppings and chocks; the sheets strained and vibrated like the strings of a viol; the canvas swelled out till each particular thread seemed ready to snap, and the old ship keeled over until her yards almost lay in the water. Of course the men could no longer work at the pumps—they could only hang upon whatever came in their way, and there wait and pray. Had it now been necessary to pull a rope it could not have been done, for had any man let go his hold, he would surely have gone overboard.

On we dashed—on—on; and yet the ship was upon her keel. At length the point we would clear was under our lee bow. It was surely not a cable's length distant. There might be other rocks in the sea—rocks of which I knew nothing; but I cared not for them then; I thought only of the point in sight.

"Merciful heavens!" gasped the mate, "we are gone!"

A sea struck us at that moment, sweeping its crest high above our tops, and the next instant we were engulfed. I thought now we were truly gone. I felt the cold flood all over me; I experienced the sense of a downward motion, and I felt the dull gurgle of waters above me, yet I held on. It may have been a minute—perhaps only a few seconds—but it seemed a great while to me, for I surely thought of a thousand things the while—and then I showed into daylight again. The old ship had struggled up from the grasp of the ocean grave, and my first glance was for my men. They were all safe—every one. But the sails were gone. Nothing but the fore staysail was left—all the rest had been torn from the bolt-ropes in the struggle. Then I gave one timid, trembling look upon the shore, and—we were safe! The point of rocks was under our starboard quarter: we were again before the wind, and ahead of us the sea for many miles was clear! The sun rose, and the gale lost its power, and by nine o'clock it was calm and pleasant, though the sea ran high and strong. Three days after we ran into St. Michael, where we easily repaired our slight damages, and then we once more set sail on our voyage.

A Reminder for the Summer Girl.

If, my dear young lady, you are visiting a friend who must do her own work, try to make as little trouble as possible; it is true that you do not leave a comfortable home for the summer simply that you may spend the heated days in her kitchen, but there are many ways in which you can save trouble and lose nothing yourself. Don't expect to be waited upon. Don't leave your room in disorder; don't leave the pitchers empty. Don't keep breakfast waiting. Help a little about the ironing, dust the parlor, wash the dishes and make yourself felt. Then you can share her hours of leisure, made attainable by your efforts. I am heartily ashamed of any young lady who allows a step extra to be made for her during her summer rest. Remember that others need rest; remember that others need a change. In some of the excursions arranged for your pleasure stay at home once in a while and let some of the family go in your stead. Surprise the "lady of the house" occasionally by building the fire for tea and laying the table. You can laugh, if you like, at my suggestions, but you know as well as I that visitors have no right to be burdens; have no right to idle and sleep the time away at the expense of others. The visitors best appreciated are those who give the least trouble.

The Razzle Dazzle Tongue.

Smith—Say, Jones, your wife is a graduate of Vassar, isn't she?

Jones—Yes.

Smith—How many tongues is she master of?

Jones—Only one, but that's a rustler.

Pleasantly Situated.

Visitor—How are the young couple coming on?

Mother-in-law—Splendidly. Just think of it. My son-in-law has got a position in a dynamite factory with a salary of $75 a week, and if he gets blown up my daughter Laura gets $6,000 damages. Can you imagine anything nicer?

Comfort for Young Poets.

Dr. T. M. Coan gives a piece of advice to young writers which may be of service to some of them. He says: "Write poetry! You can not write too much, if only you will spare your friends. Discipline yourself, but do not ask any one to read or to publish the verse you write.

"Verse making is the best possible practice for writing prose: it trains you in the careful choice of words: it forces upon your consciousness a host of synonyms that you might never stop to find when you are ambling along in prose. It makes you think of clear expression, of melody, of liveliness, of conciseness—of every quality, indeed, that prose as well as poetry demands. Verse writing, in a word, is the best possible tonic for the indolent writer of prose; for one cannot write even tolerable verse without taking pains."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Swell of the Seaside.

A seaside dude is described as follows: "He is clad from head to foot in white linen duck. Two rows of gilt buttons glitter on his coat, a gold band encircles his cap, and a golden anchor further enriches it. Even his shoes are of white duck. Across his shoulders are the russet leather straps to which hangs his marine glass. Alexander Selkirk on his lonely isle never sighted a sail with greater interest. He could give Clark Russell point's on nautical terms as he eagerly scans the rig of the stranger and explains her points to the sweet young things who gather at his side and take turns in gazing through his binocular."

Needed Protection.

Smartalick—Why does a person who is older than yourself remind you of a meadow in spring?

Miss Sprightly—Don't know, it is on account of greenness.

Smartalick—Oh, no; it is because he is past your age.—*Grip's Monthly.*

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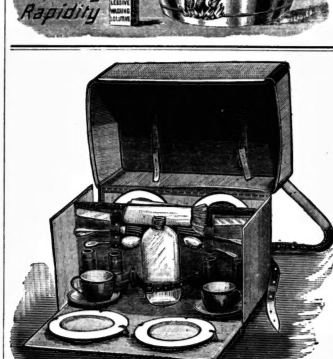

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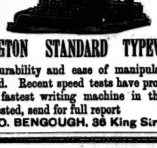

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Gentlemanly Loafers.

Among the petty worries and annoyances of life there are few more provoking than the persistent incursions of people who, having nothing to do, and finding the time hang heavy on their hands, intrude upon their busier neighbors. They, somehow, invariably manage to choose a time when you are particularly busy and have not a minute to waste, to drop in, in a casual way, for half an hour's talk. Having no appreciation of the value of time themselves, they look for a civil and pleasant reception, and expect you to leave the most urgent affairs to indulge in an aimless and desultory chat with them on things in general. On a more appropriate occasion, when free from immediate business duties, their presence might be welcome. You might be interested in learning their views of Smith's chance for the mayoralty nomination or the result of Johnson's persistent courtship of Miss Brownson, but when you have a large note at the bank to take up or a heavy consignment of goods to ship, these matters have no concern whatever for you. You answer as curtly and automatically as civility will permit, in the hope that your gossipy acquaintance will take the hint and retire. But it is a peculiarity of this species of gentlemanly loafers that few of them can take a hint much less direct than that of the Irishman whose "hint that he wasn't wanted" consisted of a kicking downstairs. When finally you tell the intruder plainly that you are really very busy and have no time to spare, he retires with an injured air, and the next thing you know you find that he has been telling a mutual friend that he really can't make you out—you are so very capricious and uncertain in your disposition—friendly enough one day and uncommonly cool the next. Some of these gentlemanly loafers are very excellent people in many respects, but sadly wanting in tact and consideration. People ought to remember that a business man's time in business hours is not his own, and that though once in a while on an off day when there is nothing pressing he may be glad to have a friendly chat, that is no excuse for making his office or counting-room a regular place of call and dropping in at all unseasonable times to bore him with idle talk.

A Good Example.

Lord Fife has been justly commended for refusing to accept a wedding present from his tenantry. In this he has set an excellent example not only to men of his own rank and position, but to many who are neither lords nor landlords. The grounds of his refusal were that those in a dependent position would or might subscribe money that they could ill-afford under a sense of compulsion. It is almost impossible for a tenant an, employe or one whose living may be largely dependent upon the favor of a land owner, agent or capitalist, to refuse when a subscription list for a testimonial of which the latter is the beneficiary, is presented. Virtually he ceases to be a free agent and the money so raised becomes a species of blackmail. The same considerations which influenced Lord Fife in refusing to appear in the invidious light before a public of receiving a present which the donors dare not withhold, justly apply to many testimonials and subscriptions raised on this side the water. The thing is becoming a positive nuisance and serious tax to many of small means. They may not be quite so much under the thumb of the organizers as the tenants of an old country estate, but nevertheless a very similar pressure is often exerted. Advantage is taken of business or political relations to practically compel men into subscribing for testimonials and other personal objects. Often foremen of factories, or cashiers of business firms who from their position have an influence over other employes which makes it disagreeable or perhaps dangerous to refuse, will seek to ingratiate themselves with employers or others by passing round subscription lists among those under their control. Very few under such circumstances have the moral courage to decline—the majority give unwillingly, and if they grumble at the exaction it is under their breath. The extent to which public men and candidates for office are bled by the subscription fiend is something frightful. Every one dependent upon the good-will of the people is looked on as fair game, and the necessity of conciliating the voters and securing as many favorable opinions as possible extracts many a V from the pockets of parliamentary or civic representatives for objects in which they have not the slightest interest. There are occasions where really spontaneous and genuine testimonials, freely and gladly given may be fittingly accepted, but in far too many instances presentation subscriptions are extorted by pressure and undue influence. The practice has been greatly abused and Lord Fife's creditable course ought to be followed by a general reaction against it.

No man's spirit was ever hurt by doing his duty; on the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits far beyond what indulgence or diversion can do for them.

Every man calleth that which pleaseth and is delightful to himself good, and that evil which displeaseth him.

The elect are slowly coming back to town. On Saturday I saw a cab with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher in it, both looking much better after their sojourn in the New England states. Mr. Fisher has closed arrangements with a violinist of world-wide fame, who will come to Toronto to take charge of the violin department of the Conservatory. This gentleman has achieved a great reputation as an executant, and is showing himself equally successful as a teacher. Owing to Miss Alexander's retirement, the Elocution department has been placed in the hands of Mr. S. H. Clark, a gentleman who made himself very popular at entertainments in the city during the last year. His wife, formerly Miss Anna Fralick of Kingston, has also joined the staff of the Conservatory, and will be one of the vocal teachers. Another new teacher will be Mr. R. Thomas Steele of Hamilton, who will be best known to Torontonians as the director of the Amateur Operatic Company from the Ambitious City which played the Pirates of Penzance and The Sorcerer here. Mr. Steele is an earnest worker and a good fellow.

On Wednesday I saw Papa Torrington on King street looking brown and hearty after his sojourn at Peak's Island. He bore the portentous mien of one who is the repository of several good fish stories if he could be prevailed upon to tell them.

I hear that Mr. Carl Martens has been quite a social lion at Orillia where he has been spending his vacation. His genial disposition and merry humor made him the favorite of quite a large circle of ladies in the lovely little town on Lake Couchiching.

Signor and Madame D'Auria have been engaged as organist and leading soprano of the St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, and efforts are being made to interest the young people of the congregation in the music of the services, with the view of establishing a large and enthusiastic choir.

Among the visitors to the city last week was Mr. Rushton Dodd of Ottawa, one of the directors of the new Canadian College of Music in that city. Mr. Dodd is also organist of the principal Methodist church in the capital. He speaks in the most glowing terms of the prospects of the college, and lays special stress on the fact that the class system will not be in vogue there, but that all work in executive departments will be carried out by individual instruction.

The Boston Ideal Opera Company, whose performances were so well liked here last season, has lost Mlle. Zelie de Lussan, the arch little soprano, but has secured in her place Mlle. Emma Romeldi, already known in America as the prima donna of the Milan Opera Company. This lady will, with Pauline L'Allemand, form the chief attraction of this company when it visits Toronto.

Among others who have recently returned to the city, I noticed Mr. H. M. Hirschberg, who was formerly choirmaster of Grace Church. This gentleman has returned to Toronto after two years' sojourn in England.

A very pleasant incident occurred at Bond Street Congregational Church on Sunday evening last. Dr. Wild, in his usual happy style, took occasion to compliment Mr. John G. Lawson, organist of the church, upon the success which has attended his work there, and especially upon the fact that on that day Mr. Lawson completed a service of ten years, during which time he had missed not a single practice or service. This is a record of which any professional man might well be proud.

Mr. Percy V. Greenwood, late organist of All Saints' here, left on Monday last for Boston to enter upon his new duties at St. John the Evangelist, the church of the Cowley Fathers.

Just as this form goes to press, I receive word of the death of Mr. A. E. Minkler, president of the Choral Society. His death will be a severe loss to that society, as well as to the musical community, as he was a man of tireless energy and abundant resource, as well as of sterling honor and generous sympathy.

Mr. Arthur E. Fisher now writes A. C. O., that is Associate of the College of Organists, after his name, having recently passed the examination of that body in London, Eng., and being the only Canadian in a list of one hundred and seventy-eight candidates.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

On Monday evening, September 2, the Grand Opera House will open its season. The attraction will be Nat. Goodwin in A Gold Mine. Mr. Goodwin is well known in this city and those who remember his famous imitations and caricatures will be glad to see him again. This is his first essay at legitimate comedy. Of his new play, A Gold Mine, the New York *Theater* says: "It promises to be a veritable gold mine financially as it is artistically his very best performance, and verifies the predictions of the friends of Nat Goodwin, that the higher class of comedy is his forte. He has passed through a good school of trial in the numerous roles which he has enacted, and there is no doubt whatever that America's greatest comedian of the future is before us." A Gold Mine was written by Mr. Brander Mathews and Mr. George H. Jessop, both well known in literary circles for their contributions to the leading magazine, and both accomplished dramatists, having written several of the most popular plays now before the public.

Besides the unusually popular dramatic attraction provided for the opening the patrons of the Grand Opera House will find many changes for the better in their favorite theater. A large number of new and beautiful scenes have been added to the stage fittings, and the results of the painters, decorators and upholsterers' art are such as to make the Grand a pleasanter place than ever in which to spend an evening.

The season was opened at the Toronto Opera House this week by Madame and Augustin Neuville in the Boy Tramp. During the summer this house has undergone numerous alterations much to its improvement. The stage has been widened and advanced sixteen feet which enhances the appearance of the house and improves it acoustically. A new drop curtain and some new scenery has been added and the whole interior has been very prettily painted and decorated. The aisles have been recarpeted and many things added which go to make it a neat, well-appointed theatre. Madame and Augustin Neuville played The Boy Tramp here late last season—about the first of April. The play has not been changed, and the cast varies but little from last season. Mr. Frank Ambrose, who takes the part of Richard Earlston, the villain, is a new man, and Miss Grace Nagle now takes the part of Myra Wayne, the gambling house mistress. Madame's voice is as sonorous and inflexible as formerly, and her tendency to rant has not one whit abated. Augustin Neuville is the only person in the company to whom any interest attaches. This young man seems to have much ability in the farcical line and is very successful in keeping his audiences in good humor. As a low comedian in a better company he would be an exceedingly diverting feature.

Few people know that the affectionate title, "Our Mary," which is applied to Miss Anderson, was given to another American actress many years ago. In the old days when Mitchell, the mimic, was delighting huge audiences at the Olympic with his burlesques of Fanny Ellsler, one of his troupe was Mary Taylor. She was pretty and a capital comedy actress, and, of course, she was the pet of the gallery. The popular play was The Savage and the Maiden. On one occasion Mitchell saw fit to put another lady in Mary's place and the gallery fairly howled with rage at him. "Where's Our Mary?" yelled the infuriated gods, "Put her back! put her back!" Remonstrance was useless, Miss Taylor was restored to her place and she stayed at the Olympic by the help and favor of the gods, till she was married and retired from the stage.

In Josephus' Antiquities of the Jews, book VII., chapter 15, occurs the following passage: "David, through age, growing very weak, and perceiving the hour of his death to draw on a-pace, called his son Solomon, to whom he thus spoke: 'My son, I am just going upon a journey common to all, who now are, or hereafter shall be, from which no traveler returns to know how affairs stand in this life,' etc., etc." Here, doubtless, we have the original of Shakespeare's 'Undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns,' only he puts it in a more poetical dress.

The New York *Journal* says: "In the company headed by Helen Lamont, and which is to be called the New York Casino Company, there is not a single member of the Casino. Miss Lamont simply paid $12,000 for the privilege of using the title. But isn't this rather hard on our country cousins, who will be led to expect that this is really one of the organizations that Rudolph Aronson controls? At any rate, it is only proper that they should be made aware of the facts." 'Tis one of the tricks of the trade.

At a deaf and dumb institution in Nebraska recently nine young ladies, radiant in white robes and flowers, sang the dear Suanee River by sign. The singing by sign is one of the most curious of all the mutes' accomplishments; the denoting of the rise and fall of the human voice, all its inflections and deflections, its pealing sounds and dying cadences, by graceful waves of the hands and facial expression is something that must be seen to be comprehended or appreciated.

The Brigands, the opera which is meeting with such great success at the Casino, New York, is said to be a triumph of gorgeousness. Nothing like it has ever been seen in New York, not excepting Erminie and Nadjy, they being looked upon as the two greatest productions of comic opera ever presented in America.

Mark Twain's Prince and Pauper, written for Elsie Leslie, reveals the adventures of the young Prince of Wales at the close of Henry VIII.'s reign, who exchanges his clothes for those of a pauper and the difficulties he encountered in getting back to the palace in such a disguise.

A late London paper, commenting upon what it calls the "American statue boom," asks why representative American women should not be thus immortalized and wickedly suggests that Mrs. Cleopatra Brown Potter would look handsome done up in brass.

Rose Coghlan's new play, Conflict, from the French of Edouard Cadol's Devoirs, had its first production at Baldwin's Theater, San Francisco, a week ago Monday night and made a fiasco.

At Patti's recent farewell in Buenos Ayres in The Barber she was recalled thirty-two times and the receipts footed up to $23,000.

Mrs. Maybrick—in wax—is already on exhibition at Mme. Tussaud's famous gallery in London.

An Eloquent Witness.

In the County Court of Summit County, O., a man was recently on trial for stealing a horse from Albert G. Mallison. The principal witness for the prosecution was John Mallison, aged sixty-four years. The following verbatim report of his testimony has been sent to the Rochester *Post Express* by a Western lawyer:

Question (by the prosecuting attorney)—Where is your home, Mr. Mallison?

Answer—I reside, sir, and gentlemen of the jury, in the smoky city of the Keystone State.

Question—At the time when it is claimed the horse was stolen I was visiting my only brother for the first time in twenty years. We were quietly sitting by the comfortable old fireplace, engaged in pleasant converse of our boyhood days, when suddenly his hireling, without any sign or warning, rushed into the room in a state of breathless excitement, and with quivering lips announced that the best horse had just been taken from the barn and that he had come up the highway just in time to see him ridden rapidly away.

Question—This was in the evening, as I understand it; what kind of a night was it, Mr. Mallison?

Answer—A few light and fleecy clouds flitted across the disk of the moon.

Question—What was done when you heard of this?

Answer—I said to the hireling: "Mount the large bay mare and ride up the right hand road with celerity, while I will ride the gray gelding up the left hand road with alacrity." We mounted and were off like the wind. At about two miles from the starting point these two roads came together. For some reason the rascally thief did not ride as fast as we, and as we neared the point of intersection, I observed the hireling coming toward me, and the thief was between us. I shouted to him to halt. He saw the situation, halted and dismounted. I bounded from my horse. Hostilities ensued. I struck him to the earth like a dog. He rose again; hostilities were resumed. The hireling was now with me, and, gentlemen of the jury, we soon had the villain *hors de combat* and conveyed to the jail of the county, and gentlemen, turning to his feet and pointing to the prisoner), there sits the cowardly, cringing, contemptible, dastardly scoundrel, and may God have mercy on his soul!

A Severe Shock.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the manager before the curtain, "it is my unpleasant duty to inform you that Mr. Ham, the eminent tragedian, owing to illness, will not be able to appear to-night. His system has had a very severe shock, and he is suffering from nervous prostration."

"What's de matter," shouted a god from the gallery, "did ye pay him in advance?"

An Honest Thief.

In 1865, when the telegraph was comparatively a new thing in Southern California, the operators of the Los Angeles circuit found their communication suddenly cut off. Linemen were sent out to discover the break and effect repairs, but they returned with the surprising intelligence that the break was a serious one, and called for a lot of supplies.

About a mile of wires and poles had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up. Further search showed no trace of the missing materials, and at considerable expense new ones were furnished, and the line was reconstructed.

Then a detective was employed to investigate the mystery. Outside the country was nothing but a desert, and the detective worked for three weeks without success. At the end of that time, however, he stumbled upon a small ranch, at which he put up for the night.

He found the ground enclosed with a neat wire fence, and in the morning taxed the ranchman with having stolen the telegraph. The man admitted the fact at once.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I've been livin' here nigh onto three year, and have watched that old telegraph wire all that time. I never see nothing go over it, and reckoned it wasn't used."

There seemed no reason to question the man's sincerity, and the detective contented himself with giving him a lecture on the invisibility of the electric current. The case was reported to headquarters, of course, but no prosecution followed.

Knew How To Get Him.

An undergraduate was personally conducting a group of friends through the venerable buildings of Oxford, when he reached his own college.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I think you have seen everything," remarked the cicerone, adding hastily, after a moment's reflection, "but stay, would you like to see my tutor?"

There was naturally an affirmative chorus.

Seizing a pebble, the undergraduate discharged it with unerring aim at an upper window. It crashed though the glass, and, while the group waited in anxious expectation, an elderly gentleman put out his head in wrath, and glared ferociously at the party.

"That, ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed the undergraduate in a voice of triumph, and airily pointing at the irate don with his stick, "is my tutor."

Found Out the Reason.

A certain mother reads a child's magazine regularly to her little daughter, and some of the tales are continued from month to month. The other day the little one heard the expression, "writers' cramp," and asked what it meant.

"It is a stiffening or cramping of the fingers, my dear," was the reply. "People who write a great deal often get it, and have to stop writing for a while."

"Oh!" said the little miss, "that's it, is it? I've often wondered why the writers of those nice stories always stop in such interesting places."

Easily Explained.

Doctor (feeling patient's pulse)—What is your husband's business?

Patient's Wife—He is a merchant.

D.—Has he been overworking himself of late?

P. W.—Not that I am aware of.

D. (musingly)—Singular.

P. W.—He bought an amateur photographer's outfit last week, and has been busy ever since trying to make a picture.

D.—H'm! Brain fever!

A Tough Witness.

Judge—You reside——?

Witness—With my brother.

Judge—And your brother lives——?

Witness—With me.

Judge—Precisely; but you both live——?

Witness—Together.

Accounted For It.

Smith—Brown, I heard that you were offered a big salary if you would accept an appointment in India. Everybody is talking about it. Was there a notice in the paper?

Brown—Oh, no. I just told my wife not to tell any one about it.

Rather Awkward.

Mr. Jason—A nice idiot you made of yourself at Mrs. Chally's last night!

Mrs. Jason—I? How?

Mr. Jason—Yes, you. Telling Mrs. Chally that her baby looked good enough to eat.

Mrs. Jason—Well, what's the matter with that?

Mr. Jason—Oh, nothing; only you know that they start as missionaries to the Cannibal Islands next week.

Paying a Compliment.

Henry—Yes, Carrie; I love you with all my heart.

Carrie—It seems strange, Henry, that you should think so much of me.

Henry—I don't know about that. There's no accounting for tastes, you know.

Time Will Correct It.

Customer—I don't like the shoes; the soles are too thick.

Bootmaker—You will learn to like them, as the objection you speak of will gradually wear away.

No Difference.

A. (somewhat illiterate)—I read something in a paper about idiots. Are they human beings?

B.—Certainly; they are human beings like yourself!

A Modern Ballad.

For Saturday Night.

We sat a-playing, Bill, Jack and I,
(Take heed that ye be not three.)
The game was off and the stakes were high,
We all played bluff and we all were spry
And none of us marked how the hours sped by
We played with so wild a glee.

At the noon of night we were gambling still,
(Take heed that ye be not three.)
And the cards were piled with a hearty will
Till our cold decks made the air grow chill,
While I roped in Jack and Jack roped Bill
And Bill he roped in me.

When the fire hall clock was striking one,
(Take heed that ye be not three.)
There stepped from a corner dark and dun
The devil himself to join our fun,
But we all were stout and we wouldn't run,
So we played on merrilee.

He anted up and he shuffled the boards;
(Take heed that ye be not three.)
We all got hands and we cocked our hards,
But bluffing Old Nick small fun affords,
And soon we found we were drifting towards
The verge of bankruptcee.

And when he had raked in all our tin,
(Take heed that ye be not three.)
He simply grinned a horrible grin,
And mild sulphur smoke that smelt like sin
Resolved himself into vapor thin
And became a vacancee.

Since then with a fixed and glassy eye,
(Take heed that ye be not three,)
Jack sits nor notes the hours that fly,
And Bill in an idiot swoon doth lie,
For of the three there is none but I
That escaped from madness free. MERRONNE.

Retribution.

For Saturday Night.

Stew not beneath the burning sun,
Nor let your collars wilt and wreck
When melting sweat doth swiftly run,
Go in you bank to cash a cheque.
For honest blood that ever hissed
Doth freeze before the frigid pride,
With which the teller will insist:
"You'll have to be identified."
Chorus—"You'll have to be identified,
"You've got to be identified,
"I'd break my neck to cash your cheque,
"But, you must be identified."

When chilled sufficient turn away
And chance of recognition wait;
Vengeance will surely come some day
When stands that clerk at heaven's gate.
For when St. Peter asks "Who's there?"
If "Honest teller" be replied,
The saint will say with icy stare,
"You'd have to be identified."
Chorus—"You'll have to be identified,
"You've got to be identified,
"No cranks from banks swell angels' ranks
"And you must be identified."

After-Thoughts.

For Saturday Night.

His eager lips fond yet ventures to press—
(The sunbeams are dancing; the lovers are fair.)
To his pleading she answers with lovers' caress—
(While the robin's sweet mate-call is poured on the air.)

So tender and proud is the glance of his eye—
(While the sunbeams are wooing the wild flowers in glen.)
He is loved; he is trusted; she will not deny—
(And the robin keeps tryst in a welcoming tree.

I loved with a love that she never has known—
(The sunbeams are lost in grey clouds from the west.)
But my lips did not give; and my heart now makes moan,
(While the shadows fall grey on last year's empty nest.)
—IDRIS.

Album Verses.

For Saturday Night.

O, noble is the soul that sings
Amid the ruins of its hope,
That faintly beats with broken wings
A horizon of wider scope.

That dares to rise with higher aim,
And seek for victory in the fight,
Nor deems defeat a lasting shame
When struggling onward to the light.

Love's Hour.

Oh! youth with the fire of the South in your veins,
At the gateway of rose dismount in the dew,
While the stag in the forest unhunted remains.
For a red-lipped enchantress is waiting for you.
She weareth a girdle of blue at her waist,
Where she stands with the sweet, slender lilies at play.
Go, hasten the dew of her kisses to taste;
You can follow the chase when your ringlets are gray.

But the glory of youth faileth quickly,
Old age cometh after,
There is more of the storm than the sunlight,
Of tears, than of laughter.

Let her arms in their whiteness be laid to your neck.
And her cheek in its fairness be pressed to your own,
The future may bring you but tempest and wreck,
You can claim but the joy of the present alone.
So let others away to the sport of the chase
And the round of the horn in the haunts of the deer;
There is nothing so sweet as a woman's embrace,
Save a woman's low voice sighing love at your ear.

For the glory of youth it declineth,
Old age cometh after,
So seize ye love's hour as it fleeth
With kisses and laughter.

The Waking Earth.

With shy bright clamor the live brooks sparkle and run;
Freed flocks confer about the farmstead ways;
The air's a wine of dreams and shining haze
Beaded with bird notes thin—for spring's begun.
The sap climbs upward. Death is over and done.
The glad earth wakes; the glad light breaks; the days
Grow round, grow radiant. Praise for the new life;
praise
For bliss of breath and blood beneath the sun!

What potent wizardry the wise earth wields,
To conjure with a perfume! From bare fields
The sense drinks in a breath of furrow and sod.
And lo! The bound of days and distance yields;
And fetterless the soul is flown abroad,
Lord of desire and beauty like a God.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS in *New York Independent.*

Noted People.

The citizens of Brooklyn, without half trying, raised $52,000 for a statue in honor of Henry Ward Beecher.

Edward Everett Hale says that when he was in college he and his chum took the first daguerreotype ever made in Boston.

The Emperor of Russia imitates Mr. Gladstone. His majesty is an amateur woodchopper and spends an hour a day at the exercise.

Since his retirement to private life, ex-President Hayes has only visited Washington once, and that was on the occasion of President Garfield's funeral.

The Marquis of Lorne has written a poem entitled Who is the Happiest? Probably Fife, for he is still ignorant of what awaits a Queen's son-in-law who has no royal blood in his veins.

With deep regret it will be learned by the many who have enjoyed the writings of Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke that she is in these later days of her life an almost confirmed invalid. She is confined to her home at Pittsfield with rheumatic troubles, which, unhappily, cause her intense suffering.

Bernhard Gillam, the chief caricaturist of *Judge*, is only 32 years old. He tried to make a living by painting pictures, but the public would not buy them. Then he smashed his pictures and turned wood engraver until he discovered that he could draw a caricature that would make a man with the lock jaw laugh.

Andrew Young, who wrote the religious song, There is a Happy Land, Far, Far Away, which has been translated into 19 different languages, is still vigorous at the age of 80. In 1838 he heard an Indian air which pleased him and he adapted the words to it. He keeps far, far away from the happy land as long as he can.

Sir Edwin Arnold contemplates making a tour round the world in the autumn and winter of the present year. He will come first of all to Boston, where he will be the guest of President Eliot at Harvard University. After a visit to Canada he will then cross the continent to San Francisco, and will return home by way of Japan, India, and Persia.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, writing in the *Epoch* of "Journalism and Woman's Place in it," says of the too common vulgarity of flippancy and uncharity: The offences of women in this line, if not more heinous than those of men, are yet graver, because they are bound by their very womanhood to represent the gentler qualities of human nature and its nicer discrimination.

The husband of Princess Beatrice, when yachting, put in at Brixham. While visiting the fish market, a fishwoman with her apron wiped his shoes. The act somewhat disconcerted the visitor, but it was explained to him that it was an attention paid to all first visitors to the market. The Prince was much amused at the incident, and promptly paid his footing.

Dr. Tanner, the Parnellite member of Parliament, who figures so frequently and conspicuously in the cable despatches, is a Protestant and was a Tory. His family is now high Tory. A rich uncle, who intended to make him his heir, disinherited him on account of his politics. A Tory young lady heiress made up for this loss by bestowing her hand and fortune on the doctor. He was educated in the English and German universities, and had a large practice when he took to politics. Like Mr. Parnell, he is a strict temperance man.

An amusing little episode occurred during the visit of the Shah of Persia to the Guildhall in London. While waiting in the library a member of the London School Board and his wife—for want of more important matter—discussed the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Portland. As the lady observed that the duchess was a charming lady, a young gentleman in uniform exclaimed, "Yes, indeed, she is." The member of the School Board then casually inquired of the young gentleman, "Is the Duke of Portland here?" "I am the duke," was the reply, given with a smile of infinite amusement.

The *New Review* says: "Very distinctly of to-day is the conversation of Mr. Labouchere. Even our country cousins are aware that the member for Northampton is less an ornament of general society than the oracle of an initiated circle. The smoking-room of the House of Commons is his shrine, and there, poised in an American rocking chair, and delicately toying with a cigarette, he unlocks the varied treasures of his well-stored memory, and enunciates the far-reaching principles of his mild philosophy. It is a chequered experience of life which has made Mr. Labouchere what he is. He has known men and cities; has probed in turn the mysteries of the caucus, the green-room, and the Stock Exchange; and has been a diplomatist, a financier, a journalist, and a politician. Under these circumstances it is, perhaps, not surprising that Mr. Labouchere's faith—no doubt originally robust—in the purity of human nature and the uprightness of human motive, should have undergone some process of degeneration. Still it may be questioned whether, after all that he has seen and done, he is the absolute and all-round cynic that he affects to be. It is this air of simulated cynicism, this palpable endeavor to make out the worst of everyone, including himself, which gives a flavor of unreality to Mr. Labouchere's conversation. But, in spite of this defect, Mr. Labouchere is an engaging talker. He uses habitually the raciest and most incisive English, and speaks as neatly as he writes. His voice is pleasant, and his utterance deliberate and effective. He has the keenest possible eye for absurdities and incongruities; the shrewdest insight into affectation and bombast, and an admirable impatience of all the moral and intellectual qualities which constitute the bore. He is by no means disposed to be overawed by a great reputation, and is apt to analyse the personal and political qualities of Great and Good Men in the Liberal ranks, with an agreeable frankness which would probably astonish those strenuous politicians who have already elected him by acclamation to the reversion of the Radical leadership."

How Plays Are Made.

A careful estimate of the number of plays annually written in this country shows that it exceeds three thousand. When there were in New York four or five resident stock companies, the manager of each received, on an average, ten plays a week. Many of these, of course, made the rounds of all the theaters, though probably fully half the writers were discouraged by the first refusal. Very frequently aspiring authors who receive letters requesting them to call and remove their rejected work fail to respond; and the cupboards of several New York managers are consequently crowded with plays which have lain there for years. In many instances no record is attached of the name and address of the author. About four years ago Mr. Wallack produced a comedy which had by some accident been disinterred from the manuscript catacombs; no name was on it, and no claimant for the honor of authorship appeared. The plays sent to metropolitan managers represent, however, probably less than half of those written. Pieces for stars, specialty people, libretti for comic operas, and ground-works for acrobatic and musical comedies of the Brass-Monkey order, form the majority. Then, too, nearly every city or town that boasts a theater has one or more local writers, whose pieces seldom get further than the resident manager, or are handed to some star when he or she arrives in town, and by whom the writing is rarely even casually examined.

Of this army of would-be dramatists the names of possibly twenty are known to the well-informed theater-goer. Perhaps one hundred more are fairly equipped for the task they attempt; but the finished work of the great residue shows that they are almost hopelessly ignorant of the necessities and limitations of the stage and of the simplest elementary principles of dramatic composition. The attractions which lead so many on this will-o'-the-wisp chase after theatrical fame are the report of almost fabulous sums that have been made by the authors and managers of a few very successful plays. The aspirant witnesses one of these performances, and straightway says to himself, "That is a very simple story; the dialogue doesn't amount to much—just plain, everyday, natural talk; and it is easy enough to put together some situations quite as thrilling as anything he's got. Why shouldn't I try?" He does try, and produces something hopeless and impracticable, for the sufficient reason that he is endeavoring to create effects while he has no practical knowledge of the tools with which he must work. He is apt to regard a play as so much literature, whereas, in the styles of play that have of late years proved acceptable, literary merit is the least important factor in their construction. As well might a painter who can make the outside of a house attractive attempt to build it entirely of paint, as a writer hope to make a play succeed on literary merit alone.

To the making of a drama these ingredients are necessary—plot, situations, characters, dialogue; and their relative importance in the present day is shown in the order in which they are given. This rule applies to both comedies and dramas. How much it may be modified in tragedies is scarcely worth considering here. Very few are now attempting to write tragedies, a form of entertainment that is not particularly popular even in the instances hallowed by long acceptance. The man who writes a really good tragedy must be a poet, if not in the actual form of his work, at least in his feeling; he will not be bound by rule when the fever of composition is on him. It is ocst that he should write as he feels, and have his work shaped for the stage by another hand. The ordinary dramatist gives, or should give, more attention to the mechanics of his play than to its literary qualities. What is known as good construction is the great desideratum. Construction includes the exposition, progress, and unraveling of the plot; the development of those successive stages by the means of situations placed in the best positions and most effective sequence; the exits and entrances of characters; the forming of them into groups and the dispersing thereof; and the gradual helping forward of the story by the use of hints in the dialogue and the employment of bits of action known in stage-parlance as business. A well-constructed play may be fitly compared to a Roman mosaic. It is composed of hundreds or thousands of minute pieces, each one of which has its value in creating the general effect, while the absence of any one would leave an ugly gap. In seeing a play we are in the same relative position as if we were watching a workman put together his mosaic. At first the importance and value of each sentence or action are as difficult to distinguish as in the case of each additional little square of stone; but after a time the apparently detached and disconnected morsels grow into a complete and systematic design. The artistically made play has not in it a word or deed which does not help on the action. Nor is anything omitted needed to make the situation clear and the development reasonably logical. If such omission were made, we should feel that the workman had left out one of his cubes and seriously injured the value of the work.

Experience has taught the practical dramatist that the only way in which he can hope to secure good construction is by determining definitely, before beginning to write a sill, what is to be the end of his play and how the end is to be attained. One of the Paris journals sent, a couple of years ago, a letter to each of the principal dramatists asking information about his method of working. The answers varied greatly in detail, but upon one point there was absolute unanimity—viz., that each constructed his last act in every detail before beginning to write; while one or two declared that they actually wrote the dialogue of the last act before writing a line of the first. In order to have a clear working plan, the practical dramatist makes what he calls a "scenario" of his play; and the novice cannot do better than imitate him. The best "scenario" is made by following the French plan of calling each successive dialogue a "scene" until it is broken up or added to by the addition or departure of one or more members. As an instance, let us suppose a dramatist is commencing his play; he makes out some such memorandum as this:

ACT I.

SCENE. Here description of scene.

SCENE I.

A and B seated, discussing affairs of C.
Interrupted by D. *Exit* of A.

SCENE II.

B and D plot to spread further scandal about C.

SCENE III.

Entry of C with his daughter, F. [repulsed
B talks to C. D attempts to make love to E, and is
C attempts to negotiate business with B, and fails.
Mem.—Try conversation in strophe and antistrophe.
Exit B and D.

SCENE IV.

C with E.
Pathetic revelation of impending ruin.
Interrupted by arrival of F, hero.

The number of such scenes or subdivisions generally runs about fifteen to each act. By the employment of this method each entrance and exit and the reason for the making of the same are arranged. The gist of each conversation is settled, and the author is able to see how long characters will be kept upon the stage, and thus avoid the danger of making parts too long or too short.

It is very desirable that an entire act should take place in one scene or "set," as the shifting of scenery before the eyes of an audience always destroys something of the illusion. But in the present fashion of melodrama several changes of scene occur in many of the acts. The inexperienced writer should bear in mind that between each "set" or scene requiring considerable depth of stage, a front scene must be interposed to give the carpenters time to change to the second "set;" and if that is elaborate, from seven to ten minutes will be required. A "set" can rarely be "struck" and another substituted in less than ten minutes, and therefore the dramatist must make his front scene interesting for that length of time at least. Now, as the painting cannot be very attractive, and as the limited space left between the front scene and the foot-lights does not admit of much action, the dialogue here must be as good as the writer can make it. And yet it must not wander from the development of the subject in search of verbal pyrotechnics. Mr. Boucicault once pointed out that in his most successful Irish plays he had put his own best "bits" and dialogue in the front scenes. "The 'sets,'" said he, "will carry themselves by scenic beauty and the vigorous action that passes, but I must keep my best things to prevent the front scenes from dragging." The young writer should try to get his play into as few scenes as possible, for the manager in considering the advisability of accepting a piece will be greatly influenced by the cost, and each additional scene adds largely thereto. It is not advisable to have, at the most, more than three scenes to an act, the first and last of which can be "sets," while the middle one must be a front scene. It is true that recent improvements in stage-carpentering have made it possible, by means of what are termed "mechanical changes," to have one "full stage set" immediately succeeded by another; but the expense of doing this is very great, and managers are little likely to risk the outlay except on foreign successes or the work of an established dramatist. The necessity of the alternation of "set" and front scene would appear to be extremely evident, yet plays are constantly being received by managers in which the authors ask for four or five "sets" in an act and make no provision for front scenes. Even in the hands of the best dramatists a front scene is objectionable; and the best French writers, who are certainly the most able and advanced in the art of construction, never use it. Where their plays imperatively demand a great number of scenes, they divide them by dropping a tableau curtain. It is far preferable to have a play in seven or eight tableaux than in three or four acts with frequent changes of scene. In comedies each act should invariably take place in one scene.

The length of a play is something which very few novices in dramatic writing sufficiently consider. It will be found that plays long enough to "fill an evening" will contain from sixteen thousand to twenty thousand words of dialogue. These should be divided between the acts as equally as the exigencies of the scenes and action will permit. Thus a five act play of twenty thousand words should have four thousand words to the act, while the three act comedy of eighteen thousand words would give six thousand words to each act. As a rule, dialogue is rarely spoken on the stage at a greater speed than one hundred and twenty-five words to the minute. A fairly good guide to the writer is to reckon that if he uses legal cap paper—the best for manuscript—and gives a line to the name of each character who speaks, each page will play but very little short of a minute. The division into acts need not be exact; but it is very bad to have one act play only fifteen minutes and the next forty-five. The last act is in most of the best plays the shortest, and frequently the first is the longest. Not more than one act should be devoted to the exposition of the story, and this need not develop much action; but after the first act the story must move rapidly and continuously. The greatest care must be taken to make the actions and situations seem to be the logical outcome of the natures and desires of the characters of the drama. If they come on the stage and seem to do and say things only because the writer wants to lead to situations, they become mere puppets, and cease to hold or fall to win the interest of the audience.

The growth of interest in a play should be gradual and climactic, and may be expressed, when best handled, by a long *crescendo* mark, thus: <. One of the greatest difficulties to be overcome is the necessity of long explanations after the last strong situation is reached. The audience becomes wearied, and the interest has traveled in a way like this: <>. The explanation is foreseen, the progress of it is tedious, and instead of the audience being dismissed directly after a great effect, and while there is still strong tension on their nerves, they are allowed to become tired and restless and anxious to secure overcoats and wraps. Another danger lies in having long intervals supposed to elapse between acts, and the consequent necessity of explaining what has taken place. Instead, therefore, of carrying on the audience from the state of enthusiasm to which a previous act or situation may have aroused them, they are let down and tried to be pulled up in this manner, the breaks being the intervals between the acts: <<<<<>. But the rock on which inexperience most frequently splits is the making of a strong first act which leads to nothing, or at best to something so feeble that the middle and end are completely overshadowed by the beginning. Nothing is easier than to get characters into involved and interesting complications; the extrication is the difficulty. Alexander Dumas *fils* points this out very clearly in one of his famous prefaces. He says, in effect: "I offer dramatists the use of such and such situations which are in themselves immensely strong; but there is no way, at least no theatrically effective way, out of them."

The number of characters in a play of three or more acts must vary in number, according to the requirements of the story; but it should not be fewer than eight, and almost any plot should be capable of unfolding by sixteen. Certain English melodramas of the Lights o' London and Hoodman Blind order contain about thirty speaking parts; but this great number is put in only to satisfy the manager who desires to advertise an "enormous" or "unparalleled" cast. The reason why fewer than eight people should not be employed is that the parts of each would then have to be made so unduly long as to run the risk of becoming wearisome. As a general rule, from ten to fourteen characters will be found ample. The nature of these will be determined by the plot; but the author should bear in mind the necessity for strong contrasts. He should also remember the usual members of a company, and write his parts so as to be within their reach; for any manager who may accept his play will not be very willing to engage extra people. A company is generally thus composed:

Leading woman,	who	plays	heroines.
Juvenile woman,	"	"	ingenues.
Comedy woman,	"	"	comedy parts.
Heavy woman,	"	"	adventuresses and female villains.
Old woman,	"	"	mothers.
Utility women,	"	play	any small parts.
Leading man,	"	plays	heroes.
Juvenile man,	"	"	lovers.
Comedian,	"	"	comic parts.
Heavy man,	"	"	villains.
Old man,	"	"	fathers.
Character actor,	"	"	eccentric parts.
Utility men,	"	play	small parts.

In determining the construction of a play, a strenuous effort should be made to avoid the telling of stories by any of the characters. The awakening of interest should be effected by dialogue; monologues, soliloquies, and "asides" (or those thoughts not supposed to be heard by the people on the stage) should be rigorously excluded. Nothing is more wearying to an audience than when two or three characters in a play recite long stories in order to explain the motives of action. The key-note of the piece should be struck as early as possible, so that attention may be centered, and awakened to the gradual development of the theme. Yet there is here a danger to be borne in mind, viz., that the first few speeches of a play are generally lost to the majority of the audience, through the discourtesy of late-comers. It is, therefore, advisable to let some of the minor characters open a play, and what they say should, while contributing to the exposition of the story, not be of such great importance that the failure to hear it entails any considerable loss. The old-fashioned opening of the two comic servants, one furnished with a burning affection and the other with a feather duster, is, it is to be hoped, banished to the limbo of perpetual obscurity.

The advent of important characters should be prepared for by a few words showing their dispositions, though the doing of this must be so artfully disguised as to seem to be naturally evoked in the course of conversation. The older dramatists used to label their characters with names which described their peculiarities. Even Sheridan and Goldsmith gave us Candor, Backbite, Snake, Trip, Absolute, Malaprop, Lumpkin, etc. But the moderns, recognizing the necessity of greater naturalness on the stage, and knowing that this system of nomenclature was utterly false, have found a way of preparing us for characters in a few words. I can recall no instance in which this is better done than in Sardou's Seraphine. The Admiral's name is taken by a servant to Seraphine. She dreads to see her former lover. "Tell him I am not receiving."—"I have done so, madame, but he sat down in the hall and said he would wait till you arrive." These are not the exact words, but they show the spirit of the scene. Curiosity is at once aroused by the firmness and determination of the visitor, and all are anxious to see him. When he comes on he has no need to spend any time in explaining that what he wants he gets, or what he says he sticks to. How infinitely preferable is this plan to that of calling him Admiral Steadfast or Firmgrip!

Whenever it is possible, all the first characters of a play should be introduced in the first act, and seldom later than the second. There are one or two notable exceptions to this, such as Lady Gay Spanker in London Assurance, who first enters in the third act; but, as a rule, it is unsafe to try to create fresh interest at so late a stage in the story; and if this had not been Boucicault's first play, he probably would have brought his heroine on earlier. Next in importance to the proper and timely entrances of characters is giving them effective exits. Characters leaving the stage should generally have the last words; though, of course, this does not apply to servants or to people who are dismissed with a command or a torrent of invective. Care must be taken not to make the same person enter and leave the stage too often during the progress of an act; three entrances and two exits appear to be the limit which the best constructors have fixed.

Whenever practicable, it is very desirable so to blend dialogue and business as to make them appear inseparable. This can be done even in comedy by the skilful employment of properties or stage furniture. Robertson developed this plan, and gave thereby a seeming reality to his little comedies that proved extremely effective. The dialogue built round the milk jug in the love scene in School is an excellent illustration of his method. No talk, however good, that had not a visible and tangible basis would be half so interesting to an audience. In Ours the same method is followed in the last act; and H. J. Byron was evidently inspired thereby in the third act of his best comedy, Our Boys.

What are termed in theatrical parlance gags, or catch-phrases, such as Sellers's "There's millions in it," should be used sparingly, and only one character in a play should be thus emphasized. The number of times a gag is repeated is very deceptive: seven or eight repetitions are about all it will bear, and that number will seem to be very plentiful. Dialect parts are effective if well handled, but, as with gags, must be used sparingly. One dialect part is enough in a piece, though two may sometimes be ventured on. Dialect parts tax the attention of the audience, who become confused when trying to follow too many. Yet young dramatists are very apt to fall into the error of filling their work with negroes, Germans, Irishmen, Italians, Cockneys, etc., believing that by so doing they will gain the effect of strongly contrasted characters. But they invariably overshoot the mark and produce little better than an unintelligible Babel of strange sounds.

The difference between the value of spoken and that of written dialogue is something that very few except actors and experienced dramatists understand. A sentence written with perfect smoothness and grace may be utterly ineffective on the stage, owing to its too great length, to the clauses being so divided as to necessitate taking breath at the wrong time, or to the most emphatic words not being placed so as best to assail and linger on the ear. A couple of very brief illustrations may be found in two succeeding lines of "Led Astray." Hector has warned Armande of her danger.

Arm. Hector, you insult me! (*Crossing to R.*)
Hec. I don't care, if I save you.

Now, suppose these lines had been written thus:

Arm. You insult me, Hector!
Hec. If I save you, I don't care.

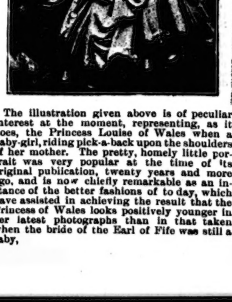
Apparently either way is equally good, yet the first way is extremely effective, the second is utterly barren and hopeless. In the first, the actress springs up with surprise in her tone, as she reproachfully speaks the name of her accuser, and then, as she indignantly sweeps across the stage, adds, "you insult me!" If she spoke those words first, she could not utter the "Hector" with any effect whatever, nor would she find any reason for, or force in, her movement across the stage. If he answered her by any arrangement of words in which "save you" were not the last of the sentence, he would assuredly fail of getting any applause on this unusually good point. Instances innumerable of this nature might be adduced to show the difference between writing for the eye and writing for the ear. The trained dramatist or the actor who writes a play may not always have great command of language, or be absolutely perfect as a grammarian, but his speeches will tell in the delivery. A young dramatist should never neglect to read and re-read his speeches aloud. By so doing he will learn to correct his diction by his ear, until with practice he will be able to hear his words spoken as he writes them down for the first time.

Individuality in speech must be one of the great aims of the dramatist. The novelist can explain how his characters looked and felt, but stage talk must be thoroughly distinctive and individual. In a really well written play each speech should bear such marked character that it would seem in its proper place only in the mouth of the one person who makes it. To gain this quality much thought and study are necessary, and the want of it is one of the rocks on which the good writer who does not know the stage is usually wrecked.

Collaboration with an actor or an experienced dramatist is the best way for the novice in stage craft to learn his business. In this country there has been very little collaboration; but in France it is customary for the older writers to associate themselves with the younger, the latter furnishing ideas and the former putting them into shape. In this way the results of experience are communicated and a succession of well-trained dramatists is maintained.

While the observance of the rules and the avoidance of the dangers I have set forth will not suffice to make any one a successful playwright, they will, I hope, help those who already possess the first requisite—viz., a strong story, developed by interesting characters placed in exciting or amusing situations. To the many who wonder why there are not more good plays, the difficulties and necessities I have endeavored to explain may, perhaps, prove a sufficient answer.—*Julian Magnus, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

The Princess Louise as a Baby.



The illustration given above is of peculiar interest at the moment, representing, as it does, the Princess Louise of Wales when a baby girl, riding pick-a-back upon the shoulders of her mother. The pretty, homely little portrait was very popular at the time of its original publication, twenty years and more ago, and is now chiefly remarkable as an instance of the better fashions of to day, which have assisted in achieving the result that the Princess of Wales looks positively younger in her latest photographs than in that taken when the bride of the Earl of Fife was still a baby.

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird of Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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CHAPTER II.

"Stanley has 'happened an accident,' as the North-Country people say!" cried Lola, in her vivacious way, as the two gentlemen came up. "Mr. Cameron, if it had happened to me, it would have been your fault—my surprise at seeing you here is so great!"

She gave him her hand with a bright coquettish glance. He had already shaken hands with Stanley, who had resumed her seat; a servant had removed the fragments of the broken cup, and another was bringing out chairs for the two gentlemen.

"I hope your surprise does not exceed your pleasure," said the young man, smiling, as he looked down at the picturesque little figure. "I feel no surprise at seeing you, for Sir Humphrey tol' me you were here, and my only feeling now is one of very great pleasure."

"Oh, I am charmed!" returned Lola. "Stanley was only just telling me that you lived in this neighborhood. How long have you been here? Don't you find it a little dull?"

Sir Humphrey smiled.

"Lola cannot get over her dislike to a country life," he said, looking kindly at the pretty dark-eyed girl; "she thinks I keep Stanley imprisoned in these wilds."

"Oh, Stanley likes it!" exclaimed Lola, with an affectionate glance at her cousin, who still was rather pale as she poured out the tea, as if something had startled or tired her. "She is the sleeping beauty in the wood here! Town does not suit her; she likes trees and starlight and open air. I like balls and gaslight and shops, and theaters and noises. And you, Mr. Cameron—in what direction does your taste lie?" she added, as he brought her some tea, his impulses thrilling slightly because Stanley had not looked at him when she gave him the cup.

"Oh, I am a boulevardier—a man about town of course!" he replied, laughing. "But, since I came to Brancepeth, I have thought that there can be no more beautiful life than one spent among one's own people in the country away from the noise and turmoil of the world."

"Patriarchal fashion," observed Lola, sipping her tea. "I hope Lady Sara is pretty well?"

"Thank you, my mother is better. I think this patriarchal existence will suit her," he answered, smiling.

He was standing by the tea table as he spoke, waiting for the cup of tea which Stanley was preparing for him. If Miss Geranf had lost her self-possession for a moment, she had entirely recovered it now. As she gave him the cup she raised her eyes with a smile and let them meet his.

"I have given you a fair amount of sugar and cream," she said lightly; "but, if you want more, you must help yourself."

"I hope to your decided," he answered, as he resumed his chair; and the conversation became general.

There was a cheerful murmur of voices and laughter, in which Lola's voice sounded oftenest and Stanley's was most rarely heard.

It was very bright and pleasant and picturesque on the ancient terrace, and Hugh Cameron seemed altogether at home. Lola Bateman thought; he was evidently on cordial terms with Sir Humphrey and Stanley, and the girl wondered why Stanley had mentioned the fact. Lola felt, too, as if she had been defrauded. She had been charmed at the idea of seeing Mr. Cameron, who was an old acquaintance; but the meeting had disappointed her. If he talked to her, he looked mostly at Stanley, with an expression in his eye which it was easy to read. Lola wondered if Sir Humphrey noticed it. He certainly seemed to like Hugh; but he was so proud, surely he would not think the young man's position good enough for him to aspire to Stanley's hand—Stanley, beauty and heiress and last representative of one of the oldest families in England—Stanley, who might have married a duke! Of course, if Mr. Cameron were made a baronet, that would perhaps alter the case; for he was very rich and Hugh was his only son. Could it be that Stanley, usually cold and proud and indifferent, had laid down her arms at last? Hugh was so handsome, so tall and strong, and so gentle, that it would be difficult to resist him, Lola thought. She had spoken of him very calmly; but then Stanley was not the girl to wear her heart upon her sleeve; and Lola remembered that there had been a rumor that he was greatly in love with Lady Beacham, the beautiful wealthy young widow, the queen of the season, who had shown him exceptional favor. People had said that they were engaged; but perhaps her lady-ship had not been willing to give up her freedom, and, rejected by her, Hugh was trying to console himself with Stanley.

Lola felt rather bitter as she sat sipping her tea. It was too provoking that Stanley, who was such a great heiress, should carry off the wealthiest eligible that the London matrimonial market had seen for years, the prize for which most of the marriageable girls had striven. Lola herself, who was dowerless, and who had been brought up in a very different creed from Stanley's, had thought more than once how delightful it would be to have so rich and kind a husband, so handsome too, although the riches were of the first importance in her eyes. She was not in love with Hugh Cameron; but she was angry with and jealous of Stanley, who had won, certainly without effort, what she—Lola—would have worked most hard to win. It was surely an unfair distribution that Stanley, who cared nothing for wealth, should have so much, while she—Lola—who thought it the grand desideratum, had so little!

"Cameron will stay to dinner, Stanley," said Sir Humphrey, as he put down his tea-cup and rose. "You will excuse me now, I hope, as I have to see Crosby before post-time."

"Post-time!" ejaculated Lola, with a startled air. "I have an important letter to go to-night!"

Sir Humphrey smiled.

"Do you ever have important letters, Lola?" he queried.

"Oh, yes—those for my dressmaker!" she answered seriously, rising.

"But there is no hurry, Lola," said Stanley, so much that hastily. "The post-bag does not leave until seven."

Lola looked dubious, and Hugh Cameron glanced at her rather reproachfully at Stanley.

"Come into my sitting-room," she said. "You can write your letters there; and perhaps" she turned shyly to Hugh Cameron "let her eyes meet his—"Mr. Cameron will give us some music."

The young man rose, his heart beating a little more quickly than usual. How pretty this strange new shyness was in imperious Stanley! he thought. She, who was usually so self-possessed, so queenlike, so stately—if she had had a fault, it was the cold haughty manner which she could assume at times—the pretty indifference with which she had once or twice sent him home to Brancepeth in dejection and despair.

Stanley's sitting-room was a quaint panelled room opening on to a long terrace from which half a dozen stone steps led down into an old-fashioned flower garden which had been first plan ed in the days of Queen Anne. The room had been Lady Gerant's sitting-room, and the old Dutch garden had been a favorite resort with the young wife whose happiness had been so great and yet so short-lived.

Neither the room nor the garden however accorded with Lola's notions and tastes. Her ideal boudoir was a little octagon room hung with *rose tendre*, like a *bonbonniere*, softly lighted and scented, with Dresden china shepherdesses and shepherds on the white enamelled mantelshelf. This room was too large and too full of sunshine; and Lola was not sufficiently artistic to see that it harmonised infinitely better with her cousin's stately beauty than the *bonbonniere* style would have done—just as Stanley's rather severe style of dress graced her better than Lola's furbelows and fashionable attire could have done.

The room was wainscoted breast high in carved oak; it had an old Persian, and the space between was painted a soft sea green shade. The furniture was a little incongruous perhaps, for Stanley had retained the old Chippendale chairs and Sheraton cabinets and tables, and the rich but faded sea green brocade hangings which had been mere portières in olden times, and she had added to these things a few modern cushioned chairs, a little Moorish table here and there, and a few Indian prayer rugs upon the polished floor. There was a quaint old spinet in one recess, beautiful still with its Vernis Martin and delicate brass tracery, and a mandolin and guitar hung in another, with a great pile of music on a stand beside it.

Hugh Cameron had seen many a dainty boudoir, softly lighted, fragrant, hung with pale-hued satin or dainty flowered cretonne; but he had seen no room, he thought, which had the charm of this one, with its quaint furniture, its profusion of flowers, and its fair young mistress, who moved so gracefully in her white gown and spoke so softly in her rich low voice.

There was a curious antique brass-bound bureau in the center of the room, with a brass writing set upon it, and some of Stanley's pretty note paper, simple and dainty like all her possessions, lay on the open blotting book. Stanley drew up a chair and placed it in readiness, glancing at her cousin.

"You can write here, Lola," she said hurriedly—indeed Stanley's usual calm graceful composure seemed to have forsaken her this after noon. "We will put off any music until you have written your very important communication to Madame Elise."

"To Madame Eli-e!" Lola echoed, with a laugh. "Madame Elise is for heiresses like you, Stanley—not for penniless damsels like myself! But there is no hurry about the letter," she added, sinking into a high-backed chair and leaning her head against it—"there is plenty of time! Do sing something, Mr. Cameron! The last time I heard you was at Lady Beacham's. You sang Non e ver—do you remember?—and a duet with her ladyship."

"I am afraid I don't quite recall the occasion, Miss Lola," replied Hugh Cameron, smiling; "but I do sing Non e ver sometimes when I am in a very sentimental mood, and I have often sung at Lady Beacham's; so I dare say you are right on both points."

"I should have fancied that you would remember it even better than I do," said Lola, looking at him with a meaning smile, "as you say I dare say you have sung so many times at Lady Beacham's that you do not remember the exact occasion. Of course you know Lady Beacham—and Mr. Cameron, as we all do, Stanley—do you not?" Lola added, looking innocently at her cousin. "She is so beautiful that, if you have ever seen her, you must remember her."

"I remember her quite well. She is very beautiful," Stanley answered quietly. "She is to be one of the Lady Harrington's house party at Combermere. I am looking forward to seeing her again."

"Are you?" said Lola, smiling. "So is Mr. Cameron, without doubt. He was the object of a great deal of envy, hatred, and malice aprropos of her ladyship."

"You honor me too much," the young man returned carelessly, as he bowed with half-mocking deference.

"Oh, Miladi Hugh!" began Lola, but Stanley interrupted her gently.

"You must make allowance for my being a provincial, Lola," she said quietly. "One of my antiquated notions that annoy you so much is a dislike to gossip. I am terribly rustic and countrified, you see!"

"I was not going to gossip, Stanley," her cousin retorted, with a pout. "All London knows Lady Beacham—and Mr. Cameron is included in the number. She is the despair of us marriageable girls! As you have seen Lady Beacham, Stanley, and know how beautiful she is, you will understand my enthusiasm and Mr. Cameron's—shall I call it admiration? By-the-bye, is it true that Mr. Cameron senior is to become a baronet?"

Lola rose from her chair and sauntered across the room to the bureau. As she stood there toying with the writing-paper and pens, she looked across at the young man with smiling audacity in her pretty eyes.

"I have not heard so," said Hugh, quietly, his face flushing. "Do you mean that my father is to be offered a baronetcy?"

"Of course! What other meaning could I have?" she returned, gaily. "I heard my father talking of it on the morning I left home. He said that it was a certain thing that Mr. Cameron would be made a baronet."

"I suppose they will give my father a voice in the matter," said Hugh, with a laugh and a quick glance at Stanley. "I am by no means sure that he courts such a distinction. Will I sing to you?" he added abruptly, turning to Stanley, who was looking rather pale and pensive.

"If you please," she answered gravely, and sat down with an air of vexation on the chair which Lola had vacated. Lola's question seemed to her intrusive and almost rude, emphasized as they had been by her smiling audacious glances.

Miss Bateman noticed her cousin's vexation, and it did not displease her. She was in a mutinous mood, with a sense of injury strong upon her which made her heedless as to whether she gave offence or not. She wanted to sting her cousin a little, although she was very fond of Stanley, because she had been quick to see that there was no chance of winning Hugh Cameron; he was already won.

Although Lola had not the least ground for supposing that she might have won him, she felt as if Stanley Gerant had wronged her.

"My music will not disturb you, Miss Lola?" queried the young man courteously, as he sat down to the piano.

"Oh, not in the least! How could it?" replied Lola, shrugging her graceful shoulders. "Only don't sing Non e ver"—with a peal of silvery laughter—"it might not be so appropriate here as in Lady Beacham's house!"

Hugh's brow darkened slightly as he ran his fingers over the keys and began to play. He was a thorough musician, and the piano seemed to speak under his touch. Lola had never heard soft dreamy music, full of sweetness, pathos, and melody; the notes seemed to sigh and tremble beneath his fingers with passion as they were, could yet be very gentle. Even Lola felt ashamed of her feeling of envy as she listened, trifling with the pens and paper on the brass-bound bureau; and presently she turned away softly, saying something about getting the letter she wished to answer, and left the room.

Softly as the heavy oaken door closed behind her, Hugh Cameron heard it, and knew that he was alone with Stanley; but he did not turn from the piano. He went on with the serenade of Schubert's that he was playing, and, when the last sad sweet notes had died away, he played, almost without interruption, a quaint simple prelude, and began to sing.

A tremulous smile quivered on Stanley's lips as she listened; it was a song he had sung on the first evening he had spent at Eyncourt. She remembered it so well; it had thrilled her even then with a sudden sense of mingled pain and pleasure which had almost angered her. Now it brought a mist over her eyes.

"Since first I saw your face I resolved
To honor and renown you;
If now I be disdained I wish
My heart had never known you.

"What—I that loved and I you that liked—
Shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no—my heart is fast,
And cannot disentangle!

"The sun shows to man most glorious are
Rejected no I exhalder;
And your sweet beauty past compare
Makes my pain to be bolder.

"Where beauty moves and wit delights
And lies of kindred bind me—
There, oh, there, where e'er I go—
I leave my heart behind me!"

Tenderly, wistfully, and softly the rich notes ceased, and the singer turned to his listener.

There was a moment's stillness; they were both silent; for both knew that the supreme moment in their lives was come, and in the silence Stanley wondered if Hugh could hear the beating of her heart.

He stretched out his trembling hand, and the girl put hers within it.

"You remember when I sang that to you first?" he said, in a low tone. "I think it was almost as true that night as it is to-day. It will be true while I have life, Stanley!"

The color had left Stanley's cheeks and lips; she dared not raise her eyes to meet his. To a girl so pure and so proud, the surrender of her love and herself was a great thing. Her love she had given him; but it cost her much to tell him so. She had risen; and, holding her hands in his, he drew her closer to him.

"Stanley," he said, in a low passionate tone, "you know that I love you—that from that first moment happy hour I have loved you! Tell me, dear—do you care for me a little?"

The girl's fair head sank forward; she was very pale, and her slight figure swayed as if she were faint with passionate joy; but without a word and with one swift glance from her beautiful eyes she made an indescribable gesture of self-surrender, and her lover pressed her to his heart.

It was some minutes before either broke the blissful silence.

"Sir Humphrey will trust you to me," said Hugh, softly, as they stood together. "I asked him, my dearest, before I wrote to you last night. He has made me promise not to take you from him entirely; that must be of our time—that I spend here, Stanley," he added, gently, as he bent over her. "I think he is not very sorry; he was very good to me."

A smile parted her sweet quivering lips. She knew that to no other man would her father give her so gladly—that he liked Hugh so well that he had entirely overlooked the difference in their social position which he was usually so particular in observing. He appeared to have quite forgotten that Hugh's grandfather was a self-made man, although, when Mr. Cameron had purchased Brancepeth, Sir Humphrey had said some rather bitter things about *nouveaux riches*, and had spoken of Lady Sara Carew as having made a *mesalliance* when she married the wealthy ship-owner. Stanley herself had been startled when she found that Hugh Cameron made her heart beat as it had never beaten before; and she was fearful lest Sir Humphrey should deem her false to the creed in which he had been so careful to rear her.

The girl's heart was now quite at rest. Once or twice in the past few weeks she had wondered how she could live on if Hugh loved her and her father would not sanction their love. More than once too she had wondered if Hugh really loved her—if the perfect gentleness and his deference which charmed her might not be natural to him that they meant nothing; and she blamed herself because the unexpected sound of his voice making her start to make her heart throb fast and furiously. But now she knew that he loved her; and the happiness of that knowledge was so intense as to be almost pain.

"It is like heaven—it is like death!" she murmured, feeling as the world were full of a blissful glory which dazzled her eyes.

"It has been like death," he said passionately; "it is like heaven now! Stanley, you must not put the world between us for years."

"Have I not?" she queried, with a happy smile.

"Do love me, Stanley!" he whispered fondly and jealously, as their eyes met.

"Ah, you know!" she answered simply and humbly; and with a little tender exclamation he stooped and left upon her lips the first lover's kiss they had ever known.

Until she felt the touch of his lips upon her own, Stanley hardly realized what she had done—how much she had surrendered. It filled her with a strange feeling of pain and pleasure which seemed almost too much to bear, and her eyelids drooped shyly and her face grew pale. With the unerring instinct of love, Hugh understood all that filled the girl's passionate heart; he felt the fear lest he had never been entirely happy until now.

He drew her gently out of the room on to the terrace. The sun was calm and beautiful there; but the sun was fading, and over the distant hills the sky was dark and threatening.

There was nothing to warn them, as they stood there side by side in the fading light, that there would arise between them a barrier which would be insurmountable. There was no cloud to mar the sunshine of their love. They had been made free of joy—in the near future they were to be made free of sorrow; but now there was no warning of the coming evil, no shadow of the advancing hand stretched out to separate them. But, when the lowering clouds of sorrow overshadowed and enveloped them in their gloom, Stanley recalled that angry western sky and that heavy stillness presaging a storm. Many a trifle of which she was unconscious now came back to her then with strange vivid clearness, and she seemed to hear again the song Lola was beginning to sing at the piano.—

"Ah me, my love, that cloudless love,
Not less sweet for its bitter pain!
Oh, why should a love
So pleasant prove
Only to end in pain?"

(To be Continued.)

Success in Fiction.

It depends upon a hundred fluctuating things—upon the changes of fashion and public taste, upon accidental circumstances, upon what often seems a mere caprice and chance of popularity in so far as it does not depend upon the particular genius of the writer. It is not, perhaps, so wonderful as some people think that, in face of our fine nineteenth century theories of art for art and preference of analysis and fine drawn character painting to more robust models, the general reader should have gone back with a spring of delighted relief to records of wild adventures, fighting and bloodshed. This is a sort of natural recoil from fare too ethereal for human nature's daily food. The wonderful power of George Eliot's genius kept us all up to the mark as long as flesh and blood could bear it. But there was this force was withdrawn the lesser professors of the craft dropped, as men tugging at a rope would fall were its strands suddenly to give way. It is, we fear, the same relationship, say of Mr. Henry James, who carries that art to perfection—his minute and delicate and purposely inclusive renderings of a life too full of meaning ever to come to anything—that gives the fascinated yet unsatisfied reader an appetite for the downright effects of Mr. Rider Haggard. While the American Howells of the day wavers and hesitates, the Zulu's straightforward rules of action are delightful to the less sophisticated intelligence. This is quite enough to account for the sudden surging up of the ancient legend of adventure and movement amidst a society which has had its fill of philosophy, of domesticity, of criticism, and all the analytical processes. It explains why persons of the finest taste have set upon the fashion of turning, in real or affected disgust, with contemporary work—their own and others—to the delicate school of literature—to Gaboriau and his kind. But except by showing the necessary and inevitable successions of the tide in light literature as in everything else, this change of front throws but little light upon the causes of success in fiction. In a year which has consumed million of pounds of Robert Elsmere, and done precisely the same thing for Mr. Barnes of New York, what can anyone say? Evidently no rule can equally affect these two exceptional successes. Any communication between the literary person and the public the chief necessity seems to one to be that the former should have some thing to say, not necessarily a moral lesson, nor anything of an instructive kind, but at least his story—something that has been in him before ever thought of making fame or money by it.—*Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, in the Forum.*

Economy is Wealth.

Mr Oxenstein—Vat's der matter mit mein liddle sohns?

Mommer vent unt sewed der same patch on both our britches t' save der cloth! —*Puck.*

The Signalman.

The following satire on the long and continuous labor and the poor pay of an English railway signalman appears in *Cassel's Saturday Journal:*

"I was a young feller, I was, when I went on dooty for that spell; and I dashed away a tear when I left the missis and the babby for to go to my box. It were a longish spell, it were.

"I'd bin on dooty, p'raps, a matter o' ten year, when one o' the directors came by. 'Would you kindly let me 'ave ten seconds off, as I've bin wantin' to sneeze for three months, but ain't had time?' sez I. 'What!' sez the director; 'only bin on dooty ten years, and wantin' an 'oliday already! Certny not!'

"Well, I did begin to git a bit sleepy as years went by; besides a blessed fly on my nose as I couldn't flick off, 'wing me time to leave go of the levers. And it was one day, when I'd bin on that spell just fifty years, that the director comes bustin' into my box. 'Wot is this?' sez he. 'Here's my train had to stop here for want o' signals—a most important train, carrying' me!' 'The fact is, I was a dozing. O' course they discharged me, and I'd forfeited my wages—amountin' to nearly fifteen shillin's for the fifty years; but they werry generously give me half a crown a pension.

"Well, the missis was a bit older than when I left her 'as'. She was a-standing at the gate o' the almshouse. 'Why, Bill, is that you?' sez she. 'Wy, you're about ready to be buried, ain't you?' sez she. 'Yes—and I've got 'arf-a-crown tords the expenses,' sez I."

Always the Way.

The postage stamp that will not stick,
No matter how you lick it,
Adheres enough to make you sick
When carried in the pocket.

Thought It Was No Use.

"Why don't you go into the business?" said a prosperous and rich merchant to an old school mate, who was down in the world and couldn't get a situation even as a bookkeeper.

"Haven't got the capital," was the dole ful reply.

"I suppose you know what I commenced business on," resumed the merchant, with something of sternness in his tone and air.

"Yes—next to nothing."

"Well, why can't you do the same?"

"I don't know why, but I can't."

"Did you ever try?"

"No: I thought it was no use."

That is! Just one half of the unfortunate people in this world think it is of no use to try. The whole of one's success centers in the act of trying to succeed. And

"If at once you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

Which would it be of use to endeavor to get along in the world comfortably and reputably. If you hold your hand out and wait for good fortune to come to you, you may soon be an inmate of an almshouse. Nothing is achieved in this world without exertion.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A Youthful Partington.

A young lady fond of murdering the Queen's English astonished some friends she called upon the other day by saying: "I hope you do not consider me an introlopper."

Mary Obliges.

Mistress—Mary, I don't like to see this dust on the furniture.

Mary—All right, mum. I'll pull down the blinds.

Considerate.

"Wasn't that a button you put into the contribution box?" asked a traveling man of a friend whom he had accompanied to church.

"Yes."

"Mistake, no doubt!"

"Not at all."

"Well, I must say that I never thought you would flim-flam a contribution box."

"I wouldn't; the money goes for missionary purposes, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"And one of the great fields of missionary work is making red shirts for the heathen?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, what is there more conducive to impiety than a shirt without buttons?"

Convincing Evidence.

"In some respects, Mrs. Hodge," said the visitor consolingly, "your husband was an extraordinary man. What a strong, abiding faith he possessed."

"He did! He did!" exclaimed the widow smiling through her tears with gratified pride. "Faith! That's no name for it. Why, sir, I've seen that man, time and again, buy peaches at a street fruit-stand!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Pick of Creation.

Man finds any amount of fault with woman, yet works tooth and nail to get her. He calls her extravagant, yet yearns to pay her bills. She's heartless, but he devotes months to finding the spot where this heart should be. She's fickle, yet he flights for a place—the place—in her affections. She's timid, yet he, noble being, has courage for two. She's a fraud, but a darling. She's a goose, but a duck. She's snippy, and sweet. She's lithe and graceful and dainty and dear—and changeable as the wind. In fact, she's a chameleon in the very latest style of spots and dots and feathers and fixings. She's a most desirable article of household furniture, and there are mighty few men that want to get along without her.—*San Francisco Report.*

Winsomeness in Women.

Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, is, and ever will be, your evil genius! It is the temper which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really most required your love. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the good-natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling with tears, will make him all your own.—*Catholic Standard.*

A Pertinent Question.

"I would like to ask you a question," said gentlemanly person to a fellow-sufferer jolting himself over four seats in a crowded railway car.

"What is it?"

"What brand of nerve food do you use?"—*Epoch.*

Rather Verdant.

A.—Young Schimmelfitz don't seem to have any more sense than he had when he just came to this country.

B.—No; he is an evergreenhorn.

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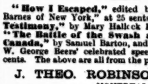

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Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. Laurence Doyle was at this period a very unhappy and miserable young man. He was, in point of fact, more sinned against than sinning. Over and over again he had determined to crush his unfortunate love for Lucille Maitland out of his heart, had decided that he would see her no more and so keep out of temptation's way, and had even written to her letters innumerable to that effect. But as often as he did so, so often did his beloved beckon him back unscrupulously to her side; and as he was a young man of weak will and unstable character, he invariably ended by doing exactly as she tol l him to do.

What was to be the end of it all, when Lucille had become Lady Deverell and would be lost to him for ever, Laurie did not trouble himself seriously to inquire. Yet he did, however foolishly, continue to entertain at the bottom of his heart a germ of hope that Lucille would at the last moment throw over Sir Adrian for his sake—and upon that germ of hope he continued to live. Because she was so beautiful and because he was so much in love with her, he credited her very erroneously, as Adrian too had done once long before, with more heart than she really possessed; and he could not help fancying that her affection for him would triumph in the end over all else.

When her uncle's death and the subsequent tragedy of Alfred's murder had postponed indefinitely the marriage which was to have taken place, and which would have been the death-blow to his hopes, he was most unreasonably elated and delighted by the delay, and was inclined to believe that the Fates were playing into his hands in the matter of these melancholy events; but when he heard of her illness, and the days went by bringing him none of her letters and no summons to her presence, he began to be very miserable, and to wonder if he would ever see her again.

He could not bring himself to leave London or to accept any of those pleasant country invitations he was in the habit of receiving at this season of the year, because he had heard that she was likely to be in London soon, so that he could not bear to go away because of the chance of her coming to town.

One evening, upon strolling disconsolately into his club, he was overjoyed to receive a letter in her well-known handwriting. Eagerly he tore it open, and was delighted to find that it was written from Green street.

"Dear old Laurie,—We have come up to town. I'm dying of dulness! Aunt Adelaide won't see anybody yet; she says her loss is too recent. It's very hard on me; but I mean to have some fun in spite of her. I am sick of crape and mourning and illness and misery! Do come and see me to-morrow morning! Sir Adrian has to go down to Clortell for the funeral, so we shan't be interrupted. I really think you might take me one night next week to a theatre—if we were in a box, I could sit back and nobody would see me—and you might give me a little oyster supper afterwards—sh! I could say I had gone to see Kathleen Elwyn, and nobody need know. Yours, LUCILLE.

"P.S.—Come early, as aunt never gets up before twelve."

Punctually at eleven o'clock on the following morning Laurie presented himself in Green street, and was ushered into the drawing-room. At his entrance Lucille sprang up gladly from a low chair by the fire, and the novel she had been reading tumbled off her lap on the floor as she held out her hand to greet him.

In spite of her absurdness of morning garments, she looked extremely well in black; and, as she permitted herself all sorts of license in the matter of diamond brooches and snowy white frillings at the neck and wrists, her mourning was not of so deep a nature as to be otherwise than very becoming to her. The fair hair and transparent complexion were set off by her sable hued draperies; and Laurie, falling headlong once more into the weakness which was his ruin, was quite unable to resist the temptation of taking her then and there into his arms and of covering her beautiful face with kisses.

"Dear me, Laurie, this is very wrong of you!" said Miss Maitland, with however no malicious severity in the rebuke. "I thought you were never going to kiss me again!"

But, as she smiled and see ned quite to have enjoyed the offence, Laurie did not conceive it necessary to offer any apology for his conduct.

"It is delightful to see you again!" said the young man, devouring her with his eyes as they sat down together on the sofa hand-in hand quite in a lover like fashion. "And you have been so ill since we parted! You cannot think how terribly anxious and miserable I have been about you! Are you quite strong again now?"

"Oh, yes—I'm all right! But, Laurie, do pity me! These dreadful deaths have simply dished everything! Why, I ought to have been married next week! And we were going to have such a jolly party at Clortell for the wedding, and everything was to be so splendidly arranged!"

"You can't expect much sympathy from me on that score!" replied Laurie gloomily.

"Oh, don't be so tragic! Why can't you take things more lightly? If I have to be married, why can't you make up your mind to it?"

"That is just it, Lucille. I cannot make up my mind to it. I cannot but hope that, now that your marriage has been deferred, you may think better of it and give it up altogether."

"That I am quite sure I shall never do, as I have told you dozens of times!" she answered quickly. "My dear boy, do not be so unreasonable! Why on earth should I give up a good thing for a bad one—a rich man for a pauper!"

"You are not a pauper, Lucille."

"No; but you are. You wouldn't like to marry me and live on my money, I suppose!"

Laurie sighed, and said nothing. Put in such a manner it was not a nice suggestion.

"Besides, I am much poorer than I ought to be," continued Lucille. "Thanks to that wretched girl, Kathleen, my uncle has left me nothing. I am a woman who requires money, Laurie; I couldn't live in a small way. I want lots of things I can't exist without—Parisian gowns, and *point de duchesse* flounces, diamond ornaments, and hot-house flowers. Adrian will be quite able to keep me supplied with all such delicacies, which are necessities to me, and so I am going to marry Adrian; and I have not the smallest intention of rendering your existence a misery by casting my lot in with yours, you dear deb: encumb-red pauper!"

"You are, at any rate, very frank about it," said Laurie bitterly.

"Very—am I not? You ought to be grateful to me for that!"—and she laughed and patted his shoulder, and held up her beautiful radiant face towards his wretched and miserable one.

He fixed his eyes thoughtfully upon her, and there was real pain in them.

"Lucille," he said gravely, "why are you so abominably cruel to me?"

"Cruel, my dear Laurie, when I have asked you to come here to-day!"

"That is just it! Why do you ask me to come? Is it not cruel to make me come and see you, and then to talk as you do to me? What do you do it for? Is it, as I have always supposed, because in your heart you really love me and you cannot do without me? Or is it because you are simply amusing yourself at my expense and merely delight in torturing me? Oh, I cannot—cannot believe it!" and poor Laurie dropped his face into his hands with a groan as this awful idea presented itself for the first time to his mind.

"Why do you say disagreeable things and ask tiresome stupid questions?" cried Miss Maitland gaily. "If you are going to be so horrid, I shall be sorry I sent for you. I sent for you to see if you would take me to the theater. Will you—and when?"

"Whenever you like," he answered gloomily; for she had evaded his questions and turned aside his serious appeal.

"I don't want you to be lugubrious and tragic," she said; "I've had quite enough woes and tragedies lately. Do please be nice and pleasant and cheerful! Can't you take me to a theater next week—on Wednesday? It would be a very good day, because Adrian has to go to Scotland on that day for two days on business; so he will be well out of the way."

"That is unlucky; for I am very sorry to say I am afraid I can't go on Wednesday."

Lucille pouted.

"It is very unfortunate," he continued; "but it is the day of the Uxerton Steeplechases. I have not told you, I think, that I have gone in lately for a little speculation. I have bought a race horse."

"You, Laurie?"

"Yes; I bought him about ten days ago of a chap who has to go abroad and wanted to sell him. He's a beautiful horse—Decision is his name. You may have seen him mentioned; he has won several good things."

"Oh, yes—of course I have seen his name! Why, he won the Ladies' Plate at Clorchester races last year! My dear Laurie, you don't mean to tell me that horse is yours? Why, you must have ruined yourself over buying him!"

"Well, you see, a friend of mine and I have gone shares in him. We bought him as a 'spec.'; he is enter for the Gold Cup at Uxerton next Wednesday, and I stand to win a good deal, as Decision is pretty sure to pull it off, I think."

Lucille became extremely excited and interested.

"I tell you what I will do," she cried—"I will go down with you and see the race!"

"You—Lucille! But—but do you think Sir Adrian—"

"Have I not told you that Adrian will be in Scotland? Why need he know?"

"But, your aunt—would she exactly approve?"

"Certainly not. She would disapprove horribly; but I shouldn't dream of telling her."

"How would you manage then? Because we should have to be away all day. It's three hours to the junction, and then you have to change and get on the branch line. It's a horrid place to get away from, and we couldn't get home till quite late, as I must stop till the last train in order to see my trainer after the race."

"You haven't much invention, my dear Laurie!" said Lucille, laughing. "It is quite easy to say that I am going to spend a long day with Kathleen and stop to dinner with her. If I get back by eleven, there will be nothing wonderful in it. You see, my aunt hates Kathleen so much that I can always pretend to go there; aunt would not dream of going there to find me."

Laurie did not half like it. He knew that Lady Elwyn disliked his intimacy with his niece, and would be furiously angry were she to get the slightest wind of such a scheme; and he knew too that Sir Adrian Deverell was extremely particular in his ideas concerning women, and that, if he ever should hear of such an escapade on the part of his future wife, serious trouble for her would very likely ensue.

But Lucille was headstrong and determined; she was bored to death, and the prospect of a day's racing with only Laurie to take care of her elated and excited her. It pleased her all the more to think that she would be outwitting and deceiving Adrian at the same time.

"He will never find it out. Don't be such a coward, Laurie!" she cried laughingly, in answer to his doubts and apprehensions.

"I am not a coward—I am thinking of you. Suppose that he should find it out—what then?"

"Then, my dear boy"—and Lucille laughed merrily—"I imagine the game would be up as far as I am concerned; for to a certainty Sir Proprety Longface would be much shocked, and would probably decline the honor of becoming my husband. But, good gracious, that is no more likely to happen than the end of the world! A man in Edinburgh is no more than a mere shadow."

A sudden flush came into Laurie's face, and a new and exceedingly exciting thought shot quickly into his mind at her words. What if Sir Adrian should hear about it? What if some one at the races should know him and tell him that his betrothed had been seen gallivanting chaperoneless about the country with Mr. Laurence Doyle? Lucille had just said that he would be so shocked and angry that he would break off his engagement. Laurie's heart began to beat oddly at the suggestion. He bit his lip nervously and looked down, while still that curious, "thump, thump, thump," was going on within him. He was almost afraid to speak lest his voice should betray him.

"Well, Mr. Faintheart, will you or will you not take me?" asked Lucille playfully and coaxingly, for she was bent upon her day's outing.

"Yes," he answered gravely, as he raised his eyes—"I will take you; but you must promise me one thing, Lucille. If any evil comes of it, you will not blame me, and you will abide by the consequences of your own action? Promise me that."

"Oh, dear me, yes! Don't look so horribly solemn about it! I'll promise anything you like so long as you will take me! Now what shall I wear, I wonder? A good cloth dress, tailor made, and a felt hat that will be right thing, I suppose, for a country meeting? I've a great mind to have a dark gray costume made on purpose, with a hat to match. It will be quite mourning enough, I'm sure, and I need not wear it in town afterwards;" and in the absorbing question of her toilette for the occasion, Miss Maitland forgot all Laurie's scruples and her own risk in so wild and hazardous a scheme.

Lucille was still more determined upon going her own way and deceiving her future husband the same evening when Adrian, after his return from the long sad ceremonial at Clortell, came round to Green street, after dining at his club, to spend the evening quietly with the two lades.

They talked a little about the event of the day, and about the exciting news in the paper concerning the escape of the murderer from Clorchester jail. Sir Adrian was very uneasy about it on Kathleen's account, fearing how she might take the news; and yet, if the wretched man could only have got away out of the country altogether, he would have found it in his heart to be glad, because there would then be no question of getting a pardon for him—and Adrian shuddered at the bare horror from the mention of Kathleen's name being dragged forward in connection with a condemned felon. He had promised to help her because he was her only relation, and because he appreciated her motives, and to a certain extent could enter into them. But he had given her his particular help with reluctance, and only because he loved her—not because of his belief in any intrinsic merit or justice in the case itself.

Lady Elwyn and Lucille had spoken very freely in implication, if not in open words, of being in love with Tom Darley, and almost hinted at her complicity in her cousin's murder.

"Of course, said the lady, "we ought not to judge the poor girl so harshly, for, as I have always said, she was low-born—and what is born in people always comes out of them. My poor husband believed her to be his daughter—whether she was so or no is what will now never be known; but there is, at any rate, no doubt that her mother was a very common woman, of low origin and of coarse nature. Her daughter has taken after her."

"Oh, Lady Elwyn, I cannot allow you to say that!" cried Adrian, who had been gnawing angrily at his moustache, and found a difficulty in keeping silence while these cruel things were being said. "Kathleen could not help her birth, whatever it may have been; but surely in herself she is one of the sweetest, most refined-natured ladies in the world!"

"Perfection of course!" sneered Lucille, who was lying on the sofa playing with a white Angola kitten.

"My dear Adrian," cried Lady Elwyn angrily, "I grant you that a first rate school and a good education have given her an outer polish, and also that daily association with ladies and gentlemen has enabled her to pick up the manners of a woman of good birth; but, as I have said over and over again, look below the surface, and what do you find? A girl whose early training had been disastrous, who, before she came amongst us, was already entram melled in the toils of a low intrigue with this wretched man who has now turned out to be a murderer, and who clung to him frantically in spite of all the new ties she had formed. Why, did she not deliberately prefer him to the poor fellow whom her father and I had selected for her to marry, and who was as good a fellow and as true a gentleman as ever breathed, and who has been laid in his grave this day through her fault?—and Lady Elwyn wiped away some genuine tears with her black-bordered handkerchief.

"I do not think you are stating the case at all fairly, Lady Elwyn," remonstrated Adrian, who was trying hard to keep his temper at this cool distortion of facts. "I know very little; but it seems to me that poor Kathleen hated and feared this Tom Darley, and that she lived in a perpetual state of terror by reason of his threats."

"Ah, exactly! And why was she afraid of him, pray? What made him threaten her? Why, because of course he had her in his power, and there was something he knew against her? Well, as Lucille is present, I will not say what that something certainly was; but you, as a man of the world, can no doubt understand what I allude to."

"It is false!" cried Adrian, springing angrily to his feet. "I would stake my life upon Kathleen's innocence and purity! The secret between them must have been of a very harmless nature; but it became exaggerated in her own mind into something formidable. In itself I am convinced it was only a very trivial matter."

"Trivial although you say it was," retorted Lady Elwyn hotly. "it was still sufficiently serious to kill poor old Mr. Maitland when he heard of it, no doubt, which hastened his end."

For a moment or two Adrian made no answer. Her words brought back an unravelled mystery to his mind—a mystery which afterwards had made him lay aside for a time, but which he was no less determined to get to the bottom of.

"Ah," he said slowly at length, "that reminds me, Lady Elwyn, of something I have wanted to ask you! Can you give me Mrs. Hyam's address in London?"

"The nurse do you mean? No; do not know it. She came from some institute, I believe. Why, what is the matter, Lucille? Why do you jump like that?"

Miss Maitland was sitting bolt-upright on the sofa; her face was very white, and her eyes betrayed a sudden terror.

"That horrid little beast of a kitten has scratched me!" she cried: and she flung down the unhappy little animal viciously with all her might, so that it fell on its head inside the fender, and, but for Adrian's prompt rescue, must have rolled against the red-hot bars of the grate. "I hate kittens," she added a little hoarsely; "they are—treacherous! I wish I had thrown it into the fire—it has scratched me!"

"Not on your pretty face, I hope, my love?" inquired her aunt anxiously.

"No; it is on my wrist," she answered, dragging down the frilling of her sleeves.

Sir Adrian did not seem at all anxious to inspect the wound, as no doubt, to be properly lover-like and devoted, he should have done; he only took the poor little fluffy kitten on his knee and stroked her tenderly. He did not, however, mean to let this diversion on the part of his beloved interfere with what he wanted to say.

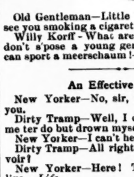
"I have always believed that woman could throw a great light upon your poor husband's last hours, Lady Elwyn," he presently resumed gravely. "The extraordinary and rapid change in his condition must, no doubt, have been aggravated by circumstances which she might possibly be able to elucidate. I should like to find her out and to question her."

"I do not know her address at all. Perhaps Doctor Grieves could tell you."

"You people are so dull and dreary and miserable! Your perpetual talk about dreadful things that I am going to bed," said Lucille, yawning loudly. "Good night, auntie! Good night, Adrian! We shall see you to-morrow, I suppose?" And, after she had gone up-stairs, she said to herself, as she clenched her fists and ground her white teeth angrily: "What do he go prying and ferreting about for? Why does he want to rake up all that business again? It's all on account of Kathleen! Sir Adrian Deverell, I think that I begin to hate you! Oh, won't I lead you a dance when I am your wife! Meanwhile I shall most decidedly go to Uxerton Steeplechases with Laurie next week!"

(To be Continued.)

Best He Could Afford.



Old Gentleman—Little boy, I am grieved to see you smoking a cigarette.

Willy Korff—Wha-a are yer givin' us? Yer don't s'pose a young gent wid my allowance can sport a meerschaum!—*Puck.*

An Effective Threat.

New Yorker—No, sir, I have no money for you.

Dirty Tramp—Well, I don't see nothing fer me ter do but drown myself.

New Yorker—I can't help that.

Dirty Tramp—All right. Where's the reservoir?

New Yorker—Here! Take this dollar and live.—*Life.*

Return of the Nurse.

"And have you left your place?" queried the first, as a couple met in University place.

"Indade I have that," was the reply.

"But I thought you went down to Long Branch to take care of the children."

"So I did, but I'm back again, as you see."

"And for why?"

"Jealousy of the mistress. She didn't want me to wear my diamonds and silks of a Sunday, and if ever a gentleman made up to me and began to talk love she'd be sure to pinch the baby and give me an hour's work to quiet it. I like the sea air, and I'm right at home wid the style, but I can't be stepped on by the lady who has borrowed me best bonnet and hose all winter."

The Granger in Town.

Granger—What are they playing at this here theayter ter night?

Ticket Seller—The stirring melodrama The Demon Horse Thief, replete with startling situations and blood-curdling incidents.

Granger—How much is tickets?

Ticket Seller—One fifty.

Granger—Wall, I'd like ter see it, but I can't stand no such price.

Ticket Seller—You might go upstairs—fifty cents.

Granger—That so? What do they play upstairs?

A New Mother-in-law Story

Several young ladies were in a field watching the milkmaid milk a cow. Suddenly a wild bull is seen rushing toward the group with lowered head, uplifted tail, and bellowing furiously. The young ladies were in despair. There was no chance to escape. The milkmaid on the other hand, kept on milking, perfectly unconcerned. As soon as the furious animal got within a few feet of his victims, he turned tail and fled in dismay.

"What did he run away?" asked one of the young ladies.

"He got scared of this cow I'm milking. She is his mother-in-law," replied the milkmaid.

Out in the Country.

Sentimental lady—How lovely is this beautiful green herbage!

Farmer—You bet; that's the stuff to put fat on the cattle.

Gratitude.

The most grateful man in the world lately died in a South African town. After his death the following notice appeared in the local papers: "Died, at the Albany Hospital, May 3rd, 1889, Ebenezer Pike, aged 32 years. E. Pike wishes to express his thanks to the superintendent of the hospital and the many doctors who attended him in his late illness."

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"It's likely they'll have a larger crowd here than down at Moss Park," said a young man, Monday evening, as he entered the Gardens where the Queen's Own Band were playing.

"Why?" asked his companion, wondering probably how anything could be more pleasant.

"Because it's free," he responded, with a "don't-you-know" inflection on the last word.

I daresay the remark was logical, though I wonder who would prefer the small enclosed rink to a park, where one can wander at will over the grass, among beds of flowers, with stars overhead, and electric light unobtrusively present below.

The musical programme was good, one particularly fine part being a cornet solo.

"There aren't enough seats," muttered my dignified cousin Elwilall, as he peered beneath trees only to find that couples and trios, delicate mothers, tired fathers and lazy brothers occupied the pleasant resting-places. "Frances, just look there!" he continued, in a tone of contempt and annoyance. I followed his glance and found that what so disturbed his equanimity was the fact that one young woman and one young man were occupying a whole seat, that should accommodate at least four. She sat stately and dignified, at one end, and he extended along the rest of the seat, and "let his feet hang over."

Here a young lad was lying at full length on the grass. The brilliant light shone on the pages of a book before him. "A dime novel," I said with a certain amount of positive assurance in my voice. I had forgotten that there were a few good boys in the world; but saw my mistake, when approaching him I found it was poetry.

The boy who will lie on the grass and read poetry while other boys are racing and screaming, is rather apt to be that kind of a boy which the world will hear of at some future date. A group of boys were gathered at a little distance from the studious lad, evidently discussing the letter which one of their number held in his hand.

Farther on three or four young girls were laughing rather loudly as we passed them, and I heard one say "He mocked me." Those are the girls who need—not scolding, not scorning, but—mothering.

On the grass beneath a tree sat a middle-aged man, not wealthy, not, perhaps, even well-to-do; beside him sat a tired looking, work-worn woman, in front of them two little boys.

With no exception that little family was interested—deeply interested in the music. Their faces were brightened, as they looked over towards the band.

We all know that music refines humanity; Shakespeare's oft quoted words tell us that even in his day it was so; and when a city provides fine music, and such music too, it is certainly helping its population to develop true refinement of soul.

After a time the old memory—dear strains of Suanee River came to us. Who could help listening—for the lament of the orphaned girl touches a secret spring in the heart's closed door, and entering, leaves the portal open for worthy and noble thoughts.

An American captain's words came to me as I mentioned the old song.

We had been singing it—a party of us—and as we finished he drew a long breath, saying, "You sing it very well. It's a good old song, but I guess I'm the only one in the crowd who has seen the Suanee River."

We almost envied Capt. S—— his privilege of thus doubly appreciating the old song on account of being familiar with the oft-mentioned river.

Soon the National Anthem advised the crowd that the next number on the programme was home. Most enjoyable the concert was, but either more seats are needed or a lesson in unselfishness should be given people who, after the manner of the tired young man and the sedate girl, occupy a whole seat.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

Nat. C. Goodwin.

The above cut represents the features of the genial comedian, Mr. Nat. C. Goodwin, whose engagement at the Grand Opera House for next week opens the season for 1889-90. Mr. Goodwin made his first appearance on the stage at the Providence Opera House in 1874 in a temperance play called The Bottle. His first great success was in his imitations of popular actors, and he continued much in this line until recently, when he made an endeavor—and the critics say a highly successful endeavor—to establish himself as a comedian of the legitimate school in The Gold Mine, the play in which he will appear at the Grand next week.

Out of Town.

PORT HOPE.

The Coming Woman was the title of a very pretty and prophetic drama which was played by the Port Hope Summer Dramatic Club on Tuesday, August 20. This was probably the club's greatest effort, and the play pluralized to the Coming Women would be a becomingly appropriate name for the young ladies who have acted so well for our club during the present season. The play took place at Idalia, the residence of Mrs. Seymour, or as it is now known the P. H. S. D. C.'s summer theater, where they have a stage, scenery, etc., erected. The play of course demonstrated what will be the order of things when women take the place of men in going to business, having the first position in everything, and the men stay at home, looking after the house and nursing the babies, etc. The president of the club, Miss Violet Seymour, ably filled the principal part of the Coming Woman, and was well assisted by the Misses Hattie Smith, A. Patterson and Burton, while Messrs. Hamilton Clark and McClurcan did their parts so well that the audience were left in doubt as to what sex they really did belong. The evening was wound up by a very enjoyable dance, everyone being unanimous that the evening's entertainment was one of the best yet held.

BARRIE.

The town has been very quiet this week, not much has taken place. In the way of gaiety compared to what it has been for some time. This can be partly accounted for, as a great many prominent people who have been spending most of the summer here with friends, have returned recently to their various homes. A number are still rusticating across the bay, also near Big Bay Point.

One evening the latter part of last week, a small party of pleasure seekers had a delightful trip down the bay to The Woodlands, where a few pleasant hours were spent.

Last night there was an At Home. Having taken place so late in the week, it was impossible to take note of it in this issue, so will probably give an account next week.

Mr. E. A. Mitchell of the Bank of Commerce left last Monday for Port Hope. He also intends spending part of his holidays in Hamilton. Mr. Checkly of Dundas relieves in his absence.

Mr. Ed. Rogerson started for Chicago on Monday, August 26, where he purposes remaining for some time.

Mr. Frank H. Mason of Toronto, who has been spending a few holidays at home, has returned to the city again.

Miss May Spry has been the guest of Mrs. J. Sanford at their summer resort, Peninsular Park.

Mr. Leighton McCarthy left on Saturday last to visit friends in Kingston and Brockville.

Miss May Sanders has gone to visit relatives in Owen Sound for two weeks.

Mrs. Cornwall of Amherstburg is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. Spry.

Mr. and Mrs. Cundle and family have returned from a trip to the North-West.

Mr. B. Schreiber is home again after spending a few weeks with friends in Toronto and Aurora.

Miss Maude Lally has been staying at Mrs. F. E. P. Penler's at Tynehead, across the bay.

Miss McKay of Orangeville, who has spent several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Makid, returned home last Saturday. OCULAIRE.

Business Education.

The British American Business College of this city has just issued its thirtieth annual announcement, which is without doubt the finest circular of its kind ever issued in Canada. It has long been acknowledged that our public and high schools fail to give the necessary training to fit a young man or young woman for the usual avocations of business life, but in this institution the course of instruction is of the most thorough and practical kind and aims at satisfying the demands of commerce for young persons of both sexes capable of performing the duties of bookkeepers, cashiers, invoice clerks, shipping clerks, insurance agents, shorthand writers, etc. In this respect the British American College has been a boon to Canada for thousands of our leading merchant during the past thirty years have laid the foundation of their respective careers with a term in this institution, while to-day its graduates are to be found in the most prominent mercantile positions in the Dominion. Bookkeeping, commercial law, business correspondence, commercial arithmetic, business penmanship, shorthand and typewriting are thoroughly taught, each member of the teaching staff being a specialist in his own department. The college occupies the third flat of the Yonge street Arcade, and its rooms have been fitted up with all modern improvements. The work of the fall session will begin on Monday, September 2, and all who are interested in business education should write for a circular to the secretary, Mr. C. O'Dea, Arcade, Yonge street, Toronto.

Every Man Wants to Do it All Himself.

A small coterie of youthful philosophers were sitting at a hotel window the other day when a subject of conversation was suggested by the passing of a double buggy in which sat two men and two girls. Each man clasped his companion's waist and each girl showed she liked the embrace.

"Those fellows are fools," remarked one observer.

"Granted, but why?" inquired another.

"Making themselves objects of ridicule," replied the first.

"Never miss the opportunity of doing the same ourselves," thoughtfully suggested a third.

"Not where every one can see me," chorused the others.

"No, of course not," persisted the last speaker.

"Still, we don't feel like fools when we're at it, and I don't exactly see why a man is a fool to all the rest of the world for doing exactly what all the rest would do in his place—always supposing he believes no one is looking. Seems as if every man in the world wanted to do it all himself—don't it?"

He was permitted to pass his opinion unchallenged.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Practical Business Education.

This is an age in which all young ladies and gentlemen should have a thorough business or shorthand education to assist them through life. The date for the re-opening of the Toronto Business College, situated at the corner of Yonge and Shuter streets, Toronto, is fixed for 2nd September. Already about fifty students have entered, and all students contemplating taking a general business, shorthand, telegraph or English course could not do better than send immediately for circulars containing full information. In order to make the commercial department more practical than ever, Mr. J. M. Crowly, proprietor and manager has secured the valuable and experienced services of Mr. L. J. Williams, of the Rochester Business University, to take charge of that department. Judging from Mr. Williams' past success as a teacher, Mr. Crowly could not make a more suitable acquisition to the college. Mr. Williams enters on his new duties immediately, filling the place of the past teacher who, until recently, held the position for a little over a year. The past year has been a most successful one for the college, the attendance being far ahead of any previous year.

A Chromo, Perhaps.

"Do you see that young woman over there?" said a young man to Miss Sharpleigh.

"Yes."

"She's as pretty as a picture, isn't she?"

"I don't know that I can contradict you. Even comic valentines are known as pictures."

"Not a Physiognomist."

Barber—Wish any oil on your hair, sir?

Customer (explosively)—Nobody that has any sense uses hair oil nowadays. Do I look like a howling idiot?

Barber (deferentially)—No, sir; but I'm not a good judge of faces. I always ask the question.

It Was Capital, Sure Enough.

"There has been a great deal of discussion, and indeed there is still, concerning the relations of capital and labor," said a beautiful young woman, as she strolled with her lover through the leafy, scented lane, under the light of the rising moon, leaning affectionately on his arm; "pray give me a definition of the word capital."

"Well," he said, as he encircled her slender waist with his arm, and imprinted a lover's kiss on her cherry lips, "this, I think, is capital."

A New Industry.

The following is copied from the London *Post* of August 4:

"To Parents—Unruly girls and boys of any age visited and punished at their homes by a thorough disciplinarian accustomed to administer corporal punishment; all bad habits cured by one or two attendances; fee 5s. for two visits. Address 'Birch,' Box 253, Willing's Advertising Offices, 125 Strand, W. C."

Saves Cab Hire.

Flyblight—Mrs. DeTanque has raised an awful fuss about her husband coming home so late.

Mrs. Flyblight—Quite right, too. What effect has it had?

Flyblight—He now stays out all night.

Messrs. Elliott & Son have just completed the decoration of the main entrances and halls of the Rossin House. They are at present engaged on Harry Webb's new restaurant, corner Yonge and Melinda streets, and the new ceiling for the Bank of Toronto banking room, the latter under the superintendence of Mr. David Roberts, architect.

Grand Opera House

O. B. SHEPPARD - - Manager.

WEEK COMMENCING

Monday, September 2

MATINEE SATURDAY ONLY

Opening of the regular season. Special engagement of the popular young comedian, Mr.

NAT C. GOODWIN

And Comedy Company

With latest New York success

A GOLD MINE

In which he has achieved his greatest triumph.

Sale of seats begins Friday morning, Aug. 30

SIGNOR ED RUBINI

Late principal Professor of Singing at the London Academy of Music, London, Eng., also for some years Maestro al Piano at the Italian Opera, Paris, France. Pupils prepared for the concert and lyric stage. For terms and particulars apply to A. & S. SORDHEIMER, King Street, or SIGNOR RUBINI,
105 Gerrard Street, Toronto.

TUTOR—EXPERIENCED—ENGLISH Public School man, prepares boys for entrance scholarships at the English Public Schools, also for University matriculation. Address TUTOR, care SATURDAY NIGHT. References: The Lord Bishop of Toronto, Sir Daniel Wilson, the Provost of Trinity, Elms Henderson, Esq., Dr. Temple.

MISS WALKER'S PRIVATE SCHOOL
96 Charles Street
WILL RE-OPEN ON
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, '89

CHURCH DEDICATION

The dedication of the new house of worship of

College Street Baptist Church

Corner of College Street and Palmerston Avenue, will take place on **Sunday, September 1. Rev. Russell H. Conwell**, of Grace Church, Philadelphia, will preach morning and evening. Mass meeting of Sunday School in the afternoon. On **Monday Evening, September 2**, Mr. Conwell will deliver his famous lecture

'ACRES OF DIAMONDS"

Admission 25 cents.

A Tea Meeting will be held on **Thursday Evening, September 5.** Admission 25 cents

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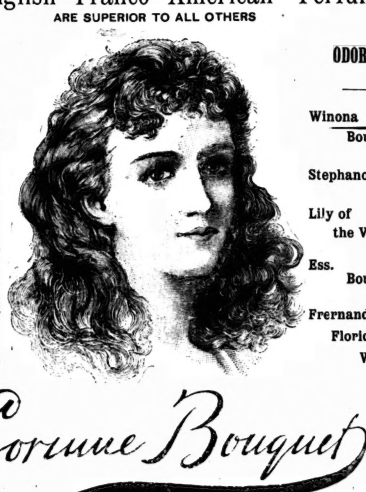

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Women's Button Boots, regular price $3, exhibition sale price $2.
Women's Low Shoes, turn soles, regular price $1.25, exhibition sale price 75c.
Misses' Low Shoes, turn soles, regular price $1, exhibition sale price 50c. Wigwams, 50c.
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OBSERVE—Recently in the *Saturday Night* we informed you that our Dances and Music, "La Bronco," "Ripple," "Jersey," "La Frolique," "La Zicka" and "Gavotte" Lancers, have been adopted by the profession and are taught in 31 cities and towns in the United States, including New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Galveston (Texas), Chicago, San Francisco, &c., &c. You will therefore readily see that it is to your interest to go to the fountain head for instructions, especially when it can be found right here in Toronto. N.B.—We make a specialty of teaching all legitimate dances of society. Experience, 30 years.

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LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY

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A Righteous Retribution.

While a dweller on Deer Creek in Washington County, Miss., I had a fine chance to study the human nature of the negro, for the vicinity fairly swarmed with unevoluted representatives of that race.

I hired a young moke to keep my room in order, tote in coal and the like, but he hadn't been with me an hour before I found that he was too lazy to live.

One morning he came in gaily, grinning from ear to ear.

"What's up, Cicero?" I queried.

"Ki-yi! boss—I—er—kee—hu—am er—gwine ter be marr'd."

"Married! Why, you're not eighteen and haven't a penny or a prospect. How can you support a wife?"

"Huh! Don't done 'tend ter s'port her. 'Tend ter her her s'port me."

"Oh, that's the way of it! Then I presume you propose to leave my service and loaf!"

"Yass, boss. I'll be marr'd ter-day, and dar'll be no mo' wuk fer dis chile."

"Why, is your prospective wife well off?"

"No. Hain't er nickel laid up, but she cooks for Kunnel Har'field an' allers hez a little spar' change Sat'day nights."

Cicero married the girl—a good, weak, confiding creature—and he led a wretched life. She slaved for him, supported him, and in return received full many a brutal blow, until one day the poor thing drifted out over the uncontented sea.

A few weeks later I saw Cicero standing in front of his cabin. He was kicking up his heels very gaily for a widower, and grinning with all his teeth.

"Howdy, boss! I'ze er happiest niggah in dis naik o' woods."

"How's that?"

"I'ze er gwine ter be marr'd ter-day."

"Married! Why, your wife is hardly cold in her coffin."

"Cold er nough, boss. Cold er-nough. Doan' think she'll projick wid der business. Got a pow'ful strong gal fer er wife dis time, pow'ful strong, an' she kin s'port me daim sight bet'n de las' one did."

I turned away from him with a feeling of repugnance as I would turn from a sleek and slimy reptile crawling in the mud.

A few weeks later business again led me past the cabin of my hero. He was sitting on a woodpile and wore a very dejected look.

He saw and saluted me.

"Mawnin', boss!"

"How are you?" I queried curtly.

"I'z er feelin' miz'ble, blame miz'ble, sah."

"Why, you look hearty."

"Oh, hit hain't dat kin' er miz'ry. Hit's mer wife. Dat 'oman hain't done er lick er wuk sense I marr'd her, not er daim lick, sah. Makes me do hit all, an', sides dat, she—but jis look dar, boss," and he bared his shoulders as he spoke, showing several large welts that s'cood out like whip cords.

"Serves you precisely right, you black rascal," I said, with a tingle of joy; and the words had hardly left my lips when a strapping mulatto woman came flying out of the cabin, whip in hand, and struck him a lick that made him stagger and squirm.

"Yo' wuthless niggah, yo'!" she screamed, while she continued to lash him unmercifully. "Sont yo' out 'n hour go"—(whack)—"ter cut dat cord er wood"—(whack)—"'n not er stick"—(whack)—"cut yet,"—whack, whack, whack.

"Scuse me, boss," she said, turning to me and quivering with wrath, "but dat's de o ra-eriest niggah I'd dese bottoms. He did'n' know when he marr'd me dat he was er marr'n de sistah ob his las' wife—he didn'. He druv her to de grabe, boss. She wus er kin', lubbin' little ting, an' he treated her like er dog twill she died, sah," and, dropping the lash, she fell into a passionate fit of tears. "I wus boun' ter git eben wid de scoun'el," she went on, presently, "an' I'ze er gittin' dar—I'ze"—picking up the whip and striking Cicero a blast in the face that brought the blood—"I'ze—er—gittin—dar."

And I thought she verily spoke the truth as I rode on through the song and sunlight, through the dew and the daisies of that matchless Mississippi morn.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

FOY—On August 20, at Toronto, Mrs Augustine Foy—a son.

FOSTER—On August 17, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. J. Foster—a son.

McILWAIN—On August 19, at Toronto, Mrs. J. A. McIlwain—a daughter.

PIPER—On August 14, at Toronto, Mrs. A. M. Piper—a daughter.

SILCOX—On August 19, at Brighton, Mrs. John D. Silcox—a son.

SCOTT—On August 16, at Toronto, Mrs. W. B. Scott—a daughter.

THOMAS—On August 21, at London, Ont., Mrs. Wolverstan G. Thomas—a son.

SPEIRS—On August 21, at Toronto, Mrs. J. J. Speirs—a son.

McMURTRIE—On August 21, at Hamilton, Mrs. D. McMurtrie—a daughter.

HARCOURT—On August 22, at Toronto, Mrs. Fred W. Harcourt—a daughter.

McKAY—On August 19, at Toronto, Mrs. A. C. McKay—a son.

ARMSTRONG—On August 26, at Collingwood, Mrs. J. H. Armstrong—a son.

RANKIN—On August 26, at Toronto, Mrs. A. Rankin—a son.

FAIRCLOUGH—On August 25, at Kingston, Ont., Mrs. H. Rushton Fairclough of Toronto—a daughter.

DEGRUCHY—On August 25, at Toronto, Mrs. John De Gruchy—a daughter.

BRYAN—On August 10, at Toronto, Mrs. G. M. Bryan—a daughter, stillborn.

OVEREND—On August 25, at East Toronto, Mrs. H. Overend—a daughter.

CORNWELL—On August 23, at Athens, Mrs. L. J. Cornwell, R.A.—a son.

IRVING—On August 25, at Pembroke, Mrs. W. C. Irving—a daughter.

Marriages.

BROWN—CRONYN—On August 21, at London, Ont., Katharine Hume Cronyn to George Tyler Brown.

WALKER—KING—At Brantford, James R. Walker of Montreal, to Rose King.

CHAPMAN—OLIVER—On August 21, at Toronto, Chas. Chapman of Montreal, to Fanny Oliver of Toronto.

DESMOND—WILSON—On August 22, at Toronto, Geo. H. Desmond to Emma A. Wilson, both of Bowmanville.

MOORE—SHEDDEN—On August 22, at Hamilton, Alex. B. Moore to Emilie Shedden, both of South Norwich.

HUTCHINSON—CHAPMAN—On August 22, at Toronto, Wm. E. Hutchinson of Detroit, to Bertha Chapman of Toronto.

FOSTER—STEWART—On August 21, at West Toronto Junction, Wm. Foster of Everett, Ont., to Annie Stewart of Cookstown.

LAWSON—MORROW—On August 20, at Chicago, Thos. D. Lawson of Chicago, to Florence Amy Morrow of Toronto.

ANDERSON—McLAREN—On August 20, at Riverside, Ont., Albert J. Anderson of New Hamburg, to Maggie J. McLaren.

HAMILTON—KENT—On August 27, at Toronto, Robert McInnes Hamilton, B.A., to Grace Kent of Toronto.

SAWERS—STEPHENS—On August 25, at Toronto, Campbell William Sawers of Peterborough, to Florence Adelaide Stephens of Owen Sound.

Deaths.

CROCKER—On August 23, at Toronto, James Sydney Crocker, aged 86 years.

CART—On August 22, at Toronto, Sadie Louise Cary, aged 16 years.

GARRETT—On August 23, at Trenton, Ont., James Stanaus Garrett of Hamilton, Ont., aged 24 years.

HUFFMAN—On August 22, at Brighton, Ont., Peter Huffman, aged 83 years.

MOON—On August 20, at Halifax, N. S., Harold Pense, infant son of Robert Moon.

PANTER—On August 22, at Toronto, George Edward Panter, aged 66 years.

RAMSAY—On August 21, at Toronto, Mrs. James Ramsay.

THOMPSON—On August 21, at Toronto, Richard Thompson, aged 74 years.

CHIS IOLM—On August 20, at Chingucoosy, Edward Chisholm, aged 30 years.

THOMPSON—On August 25, at Penetanguishene, Mrs. W. F. H Thompson.

WALKER—On August 25, at Toronto, Jennie May, infant daughter of John and Bella Walker.

EVANS—On August 24, at Toronto, Edward P. Evans, aged 49 years.

GUY—On August 24, at Oshawa, Aubrey Roy Guy, aged 12 months.

HENRI—At Orangeville, John Henry of Toronto, aged 35 years.

WATSON—On August 12, at Chatham, England, James Long Watson of Streatham, aged 46 years.

HAND—On August 26, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. Hand.

HOLLAND—On August 26, at Toronto, John Holland, aged 27 years.

WALES—On August 24, at Markham, Fred W. Wales, aged 34 years.

FREEMAN—On August 26, at Trafalgar, Ella Freeman, aged 17 years.

MURPHY—At Toronto, John Joseph Murphy, aged 51 years.

MARKS—On August 25, at Barrie, Mrs. Elizabeth Sambrook Marks, aged 87 years.

McGURRAY—At Toronto, Mrs. Margaret Hebert McSherry, aged 50 years.

MILLER—On August 28, at St. Catharines, Richard Miller, Q.C.

MINKLER—On August 28, at Toronto, Ass Edgar Minkler, aged 35 years.

MACKLEM—Drowned while bathing in the Niagara river, Jessie Adelaide Macklem, aged 14 years.

J. F. THOMSON. GEORGE DUNSTAN.

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Taken from our Wholesale Department. Had been previously marked to 50c. on the dollar, and will now be sold at one-half of this half. In other words, a large satin parasol, rustic handle, good style, for 25c. See the stock. It will pay you.

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PATENTS

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Solicitor and Attorney in Patent Causes,
Washington, D. C.,
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